





# THE ECHO



Vol. IX, No. 2

Sumner High School, Holbrook, Mass., June, 1933

## ECHO STAFF

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ASSISTANT MANAGER .....	Grace Kelley
LEAGUE REPRESENTATIVE .....	Helen Kelley
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1933 .....	Mildred Feeney, Margaret Huskins
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FACULTY ADVISER .....	Miss Megley

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*Dorothy F. Andrews*  
**DOROTHY F. ANDREWS**  
 (Bam)  
 Union St.  
 "Tall oaks from tiny acorns grow."  
 Hobby: Translating Cicero  
 Activities: Glee Club 1; Librarian 3; Pro Merito.

*Ruth I. Bettencourt*  
**RUTH I. BETTENCOURT**  
 (Shorty)  
 374 Pine St.  
 "Somebody's Stenog."  
 Hobby: Collecting Fraternity Pins.  
 Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Echo 2, 3, 4; Rifle Club 3, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4; Junior Play; Class Officer, Vice-President 2, 3; Apparatus 1, 2; Office 3, 4; Head Reporter 4.

*Myrtle Olive Boss*  
**MYRTLE OLIVE BOSS**  
 (Myrtle)  
 103 South St.  
 Hobby: Walking  
 "Sweetness is a virtue."  
 Activities: Glee Club 1; Senior Drama; Class Officer, Vice-President 4; Office 4; Reporter 4.

*Paul Brindley*  
**PAUL BRINDLEY**  
 (Brindley)  
 34 Hillview Ave.  
 "The Unknown Quantity"  
 Hobby: Movies  
 Activities: Glee Club 1.

*Barbara Brooks*  
**BARBARA BROOKS**  
 (Tiny)  
 North Franklin St.  
 "I have a little shadow."  
 Hobby: Alibis  
 Activities: Glee Club 1; Athletic Drama 3; Echo 3, 4; Rifle Club 3, 4; Reporter 4; Senior Drama; Lunch Room 4.

*Lucy Mary Cartullo*  
**LUCY MARY CARTULLO**  
 (Eppie)  
 54 High St.  
 "Quietness is a virtue."  
 Hobby: Football  
 Activities: Lunch Room 1; Commercial Club 3, 4; Apparatus 1; Track 1; Class Secretary 3, 4; Office 4; Librarian 3.



**FRANCIS M. CHASE**  
 (Chasey)  
 28 Adams St.

"A laugh is as good as a mile."  
 Hobby: Driving a car slowly  
 Activities: Orchestra 1, 2; Commercial Club 1, 2; Basketball 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2; Rifle Club 3; Apparatus 2.

**MARY COTE**  
 Belcher St.  
 "Come and trip it as ye go on the light fantastic toe."  
 Hobby: Calooping  
 Activities: Glee Club 4; Lunch Room 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4.

**GORDON BICKNELL DYER**  
 (Chounce)  
 290 North Franklin St.  
 "A pleasing figure is a thing of beauty and a thing of beauty a joy forever."  
 Hobby: Baseball  
 Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Basketball Manager 4; Senior Play; Commercial Club 3, 4; Rifle Club 3.

**CHARLES W. EATON, JR.**  
 (Goofy)  
 South Franklin St.  
 "It's better to learn late than never."  
 Hobby: Music and Electricity  
 Activities: Glee Club 1, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Fife and Drum; Fife Director 4.

**ERNEST ARTHUR ELIOT**  
 (Art.)  
 Linwood St.  
 "Procrastination is the thief of time."  
 Hobby: Baseball  
 Activities: Glee Club 1, 2.

**MILDRED JOAN FEENEY**  
 (Mil)  
 Weston Ave.  
 "Many receive advice, but few profit by it."  
 Hobby: Movies  
 Activities: Glee Club 1; Rifle Club 3; Echo 4; Commercial Club 4; Librarian 4; Lunch Room 4.

SISAG S. GARABEDIAN  
(Sam)

122 Pine St.

"Music hath charms"

Hobby: Violin

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2;  
Rifle Club 3; Orchestra 1,  
2, 3; Commercial Club 3,  
4; Treasurer 4.PEARL GILLEY  
(Pal)"Tall and sturdy grew the  
mighty oaks."

Hobby: Music

Activities: Orchestra 2, 3, 4;  
Glee Club 1; Boys' Glee  
Club Pianist 2, 3, 4; Office  
3; Commercial Club 3, 4.OLIVE MAY GRINDLE  
(Grin)

172 Weymouth St.

"A Bright and Buxon  
maiden Is She."

Hobby: Talking

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3;  
Commercial Club 3, 4; Li-ELEANOR F. HALL  
(Skit)

Pleasant St.

"When you wrote on my  
slate—I love you Joe."Activities: Echo 4; Athletic  
Drama 3; Commercial Club  
3, 4; Senior Reporter 4;  
Office 4.

Hobby: Red Essexes

ROBERT O. HARRIS  
(Oscar)

161 South St.

"And young Lochinvar rides  
out of the west."Hobbies: Fishing and driving  
an automobile.Activities: Glee Club 1, 2,  
Commercial Club, 3, 4;  
Class Officer, Treasurer, 1,  
2.WADE S. HOOKER  
(Spiv)

Belcher St.

"And a-courting he would  
go."

Hobby: Arguing

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3;  
Basketball 2, 3; Captain 4;  
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior  
Drama.

## SHIRLEY E. HOPKINS

140 Linwood St.

"One look from those dark  
and melting eyes."Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3,  
4; Basketball 4; Senior  
Drama.

Hobby: Motorcycle Riding

MARGARET A. HUSKINS  
(Peggy)

33 Norfolk Rd.

"To see her is to love her  
To love her but her and love for-  
ever."

Hobby: Peerless cars.

Activities: Glee Club 1; Echo  
2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2;  
Commercial Club 3, 4;  
Track 1; Lunch Room 1, 2,  
3, 4; Athletic Drama 2, 3;  
Senior Drama; Vice-Presi-  
dent 1.WILLIAM E. HUTCHINSON  
(Senator)

26 Maplewood Ave.

"And a mighty man was he."

Hobby: Use of four-syllabled  
words.Activities: Class Treasurer  
3; Class President 4; Echo  
2, 3, 4.ROBERT H. KEARNS  
(Kearnsie)

19 Emery St.

"Shyness is a virtue"

Hobby: Laughing at Taylor  
Activities: Glee Club 1.HELEN MARIE KELLEY  
(Helen)

Sprague Ave.

"Vass Vill du Haben ?"

Hobby: Singing  
Activities: Basketball 2, 4;  
Manager 3; Senior Play;  
Athletic Play 3; Senior Re-  
porter; Librarian 4;  
Lunch Room 4.GARDNER R. KEMPTON  
(Kemp)

484 South Franklin St.

"Ben Hur on a motorcycle."

Hobby: Nurses

**EDITH MAE KILLEN**  
(Dutchie)

Pleasant St.

"Proud and tall is she, like a cedar."

Hobby: Bowling

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Echo 3, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4; Athletic Drama 2; Track 1; Office 3; Basketball 1.



**EVELYN MARIE KOSKI**  
(Eve)

Hobby: Swimming

"Silence is Golden."

Activities: Lunchroom 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4; Class Secretary 1, 2.

**HOPE MAYNARD LEACH**  
Emery St.

"Buxon, blithe and debonair"

Hobby: Walking

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2; Commercial Club 3, 4; Athletic Drama 2; Office 4; Reporter 4.

**MARY C. MacPHERSON**  
(Zip)

North Franklin St.

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage."

Hobby: Singing

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Rifle Club 3; Commercial Club 3, 4; Lunch Room 1, 2, 3, 4; Senior Play; Reporter 4.

**ROBERT B. MARTIN**  
(Bob)

South Franklin St.

"Thy middle name is Modesty."

Hobby: Tinkering with Cars

Activities: Echo 1, 3; Business Manager 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Senior Drama; Athletic Drama 2, 3; Apparatus 4; Class President 2.

**MILDRED G. MATTHEWS**  
(Millie)

10 Linwood St.

"Her face, oh call it fair, not pale."

Hobby: Powdering her nose

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2; Commercial Club 3, 4.

**ELMER H. MAXHAM, JR.**  
(Mike)

16 Bradley Road,

South Braintree

"The more you learn, the more you forget, so why learn?"

Hobby: Drawing

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Rifle Club 3, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4.

**LEROY K. MCKAY**  
(Mac)

"A sportsman brave was he."

Hobby: Sports

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4; President of Commercial Club 4; Apparatus 4.

**THELMA A. NICKERSON**  
(Nick)

Linfield St.

"A woman's crowning glory is her hair."

Hobby: Talking about last night.

**MINNIE PORGES**

Plymouth St.

"Black were her eyes, and raven her hair."

Hobby: Hiking

Activities: Commercial club 3, 4.

**GEORGE W. PORTER**  
(Junie)

123 South Franklin St.

"If you want a thing done right, don't do it yourself—ask me to do it."

Hobby: Athletics and somebody's assistant.

Activities: Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball Manager 4; Apparatus 2, 3, 4; Stage Manager 2, 3, 4.

**ED. MERRILL RANDALL**  
South Franklin St.

"My heart is faint so don't venture near."

Hobby: Talking

Activities: Glee Club 1, 4; Senior Drama.

**MURIEL MAY RICHMOND**  
(Richie)  
Linwood St.  
"Happy I am, from Care I'm  
Free."  
Hobby: Walking  
Activities: Glee Club 2, 3;  
Commercial Club 3, 4.

**MARY E. RUGGLES**  
(Lizzie)  
South Franklin St.  
"Gentlemen prefer Blondes"  
Hobby: Swimming

**KENNETH G. STANLEY**  
(Beansie)  
Adams St.  
"Faint heart ne'er won fair  
lady."  
Hobby: Going out at night.  
Activities: Echo 2, 3; Editor-  
in-Chief 4; Glee Club 1;  
Basketball 3, 4; Senior  
Drama; Athletic Drama 2,  
3; Pro Merito pin; Class  
President 1, 3.

**MARGARET M. STRAIN**  
(Peggy)  
618 South Franklin St.  
Hobby: Swimming  
"Lead and I follow"  
Activities: Librarian 3;  
Glee Club 1; Commercial  
Club, 3, 4.



**WILLIAM R. TAYLOR**  
(Bill)  
North Franklin St.  
"Better late than never."  
Hobby: Camping  
Activities: Rifle Club 3, 4;  
Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Basket-  
ball, 2, 3, 4; Senior Drama.

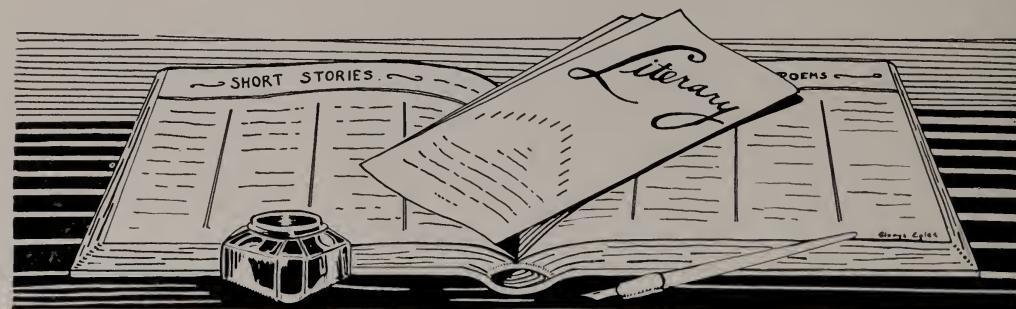
**LESLIE JOAN THORUD**  
(Red)  
South Franklin St.  
"She blusheth like the shy  
and drooping rose."  
Hobby: Riding, Swimming  
Activities: Glee Club 1; Re-  
porter 4; Athletic Play 3;  
Senior Play; Echo 2, 3, 4;  
Rifle Club 3, 4; Lunch  
Room 4; Class Officer 1.

**CHARLES G. WHITCOMB**  
(Ooftey)  
Platts St.  
"Good things come in small  
packages."  
Hobby: Driving  
Activities: Glee Club 1, 2;  
Orchestra 1, 2; Rifle Club  
3, 4; Commercial Club 3,  
4; Apparatus 2.

**ELEANOR WOOD**  
Winter St.  
"Strong and stalwart as a  
sturdy elm"  
Hobby: Skating  
Activities: Basketball 2, 3;  
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Com-  
mercial Club 3, 4; Office 4.

*This issue is lovingly dedicated to  
the Senior Class of Sumner*

1933



### A SPECIAL ON VIOLETS

It was ten o'clock on a bright sunny May morning, and quiet peace hovered over the comfortable houses of Cedar Avenue. There was hardly anyone about. The golf players long ago had departed in their gay plus fours and with the back seats of their cars piled with golf sticks. The lazy souls who were staying at home were, for the most part, still asleep or else interested in their Sunday papers.

Benjamin Gregory, in a fit of rare energy, was cleaning the car. He had just started the final rubbing when his son Richard, who had approached silently and was standing there watching him, inquired casually, "Do you need some help, Dad?"

"Why—thanks, son," he remarked with some measure of calm. "If you like. There's an extra chamois under the back seat."

Dick silently took the chamois from under a number of old inner tubes, spark plugs, and other assorted tools; silently he began polishing the hood. Mr. Gregory also polished silently, for he was very patient, and decided enlightenment would come if he waited long enough.

"Uh-Dad. It's almost time for my allowance. Isn't it?"

"Well, a couple more days, son. But—how many weeks are we ahead on that allowance now?"

"I know," Dick hastened to assure him. "Uh! that is, I guess it's about three weeks ahead now. But, y'see, Dad, this is serious."

"I thought," Benjamin Gregory reminded his son in a mild tone, "that you were going to get only two dollars a week, instead of the usual five until you had paid up the extra you've had?"

"Yah, I know," Dick's tone assured him, "but," he began again in hoarse voice, "it's about Dolly."

"I see," his father replied. "But what about this allowance business?"

"Oh, yeah," Dick returned. "Sure I was coming to that. Y'see, tomorrow's her birthday, Dad, and none of the other guys know about it."

"What makes you think she hasn't told the others the same as she told you?" inquired Mr. Gregory.

"Aw, Dad!" Dick exclaimed shocked. She's

not like that. Gosh, she didn't tell me. Y'see the other night at the movies she had a little locket on, and—y' know—the chain broke, and she asked me to keep it. It was—uh—engraved inside, 'To Dolly, five years old, May 10, 1921.' So that's how I know."

"I understand," said Mr. Gregory seriously, "but you're getting worse and worse on the money part, and this time it isn't going to work."

"But, Dad," said Dick heartbrokenly, "Gee whiz, her birthday's tomorrow and—"

"You might see if someone wants a job done—you know mowing lawns or something," replied the father.

"Uhuh," said Dick sadly, and went toward the house. His father looked after him until the screen door banged shut. Mr. Gregory was suffering but assured himself that he was doing right.

At dinner Dick's appetite seemed in no way lost, for when he had finished the last crumb of his banana cream pie, he excused himself politely and strolled out. A little later he was seen talking with Bill Martin, who lived next door.

Dick was up bright and early the next morning. He was rather quiet at breakfast, his manner being mildly reproachful. He and his father left at the same time. Paus-ing on the front steps, Dick inquired, "Want a lift, Dad? I'll take you to the bus."

"No, thanks, son," Mr. Gregory declined politely. "I'll need the exercise. You—uh going uptown?"

"Yeah," admitted Dick, "s'long then, Dad."

Dick's first destination was the K. & B. Store. He passed through the store into the office of Mr. King.

"Business isn't very good, Dick," he regretted. "I wouldn't have a thing for you 'til—well, maybe Saturday."

"Thanks, Mr. King," said Dick politely and went out. "Saturday—a lot of good that will do," he thought. He then tried the Green Front Butcher Shop, the Filling Station, the Parker's Drug Store, and the Cameron Flower Shop. There were, it seemed no jobs to be had.

Dick went back to the car and was slumped in the front seat when presently Pink Junes came in view. Pink was whistling "It's the

Girl" as though he hadn't a care in the world. Maybe he hadn't. Some fellows had all the luck.

"Hi!" Pink stopped whistling to greet his friend cheerfully.

"Hi," answered Dick glumly.

Pink jumped into the car with Dick and inquired brightly, "Where ya' going?"

Dick just raised an eyebrow and regarded his friend in a thoughtful manner.

"What's eating you?" asked Pink, who was a kind soul. "I got a date with Dolly tomorrow night. Did you know that?"

"Got any money?" inquired Dick, ignoring Pink's statement.

"Me?" asked Pink, "Why?"

"I'd like to—uh—have a loan," remarked Dick.

"That's a good one," said Pink with a laugh. "I got my allowance and that's all, and much as I'd like to oblige a friend I need cash myself."

"My pal," said Dick cuttingly. "S'all right, fella," he said in a mild tone, "I don't blame you. Money's hard to get. I know."

"Attaboy," said Pink, "no hard feelings?"

"Listen," Dick said, "we're pals, Pink, and the way I look at it, what're pals for if not t'help each other out?"

"Yeah, but—" began Pink with uncertainty.

"Wait," said Dick, "I happen to know something that a lotta guys wouldn't tell, but we're pals, so d'you know Dolly's birthday is today? I know exactly what she wants, and so that was what I was going to buy her, but I'm flat. Now, I'll tell you, Pink, it's violets."

It was two o'clock and the afternoon sunlight was streaming in through the windows of the Pratt's living room. Dolly Pratt, her dark head bent gracefully over the delicate task of manicuring her pretty shining fingernails, made a beautiful picture when the doorbell rang. In came Pink with a large bouquet of violets.

"Just a little-ah-remembrance-ah, happy birthday, Dolly."

"O-o-o-oh! violets! Why I adore violets, Pink."

At five o'clock when Dolly's father came home there were fourteen bouquets of violets brought to Dolly from the boys.

Mr. Pratt took the newspaper and went into the living room to read in peace; therefore, each of Dolly's admirers left one by one.

At about the same time that the boys left Dolly's house, Dick approached the Cameron Flower Shop. He hailed the proprietor with a pat on the back.

"Hi, Matt," said Dick.

"H'lo, Kid," replied Matt, "I suppose you want your commission?"

"Yeah?" exclaimed Dick, "did all the fellas come here?"

"Did they!" exclaimed the proprietor, "I had to send to the greenhouse three times for more violets." He looked at Dick with admiring eyes and said again, "You don't

mean to tell me that the sign 'Special on Violets Today' in the window did the work?"

"Oh, no," said Dick, "I sorta helped to. By the way, how much do I collect?"

"I just figured it to be five-fifty. Gosh! I never knew boys your age went big for violets for the girl friend," Matt said, handing him the money.

"Gosh, thanks," said Dick, "I've got to go now. Today's my girl's birthday, and I've got to get her a present."

It was just eight o'clock when Dick arrived at Dolly's house. In a short time Dolly appeared, adorable in yellow organdy.

"Oh, hello, Dick," sang Dolly, giving him a slim white hand for a moment's soul-stirring thrill.

"Gee, Dolly," Dick said flatteringly, "You look swell. That dress makes you look sophisticated. Have you had a nice birthday?"

"Why, Dick?" the amazed Dolly looked about. No green box could be seen. "How did you know?"

"It's a secret," grinned Dick, handing her a small package.

"O-o-o-oh! for me?" breathed Dolly.

"Yeah. I hope you'll like it."

Dolly opened it and found a compact.

"How darling of you to bring it to me," said Dolly in a thrilled voice. "I think it's really wonderful. Of course flowers are pretty and all that, but . . ."

"Yeah," agreed Dick, "course there was a special on violets down at the florist's. Say, Dolly, how about you and me going for a ride in my car? There's a swell moon and everything. I don't like to slam your flowers, but, honestly, it smells like a funeral," remarked Dick as they went hand in hand toward the car.

### A WISH

I wish I were a little bird  
Floating in the air.  
I wouldn't have to brush my teeth  
Or comb my golden hair.

I wouldn't have to buy new shoes  
Nor have the old ones fixed  
Or buy a hat to match my dress.  
My colors would be mixed.

I wouldn't have to buy a car,  
Which means a great expense.  
I'd float about the air awhile  
And rest upon a fence.

I wouldn't have to use a plane  
To see the country side.  
I'd simply rise to heights above,  
Spread out my wings and glide.

H. Baker, '34.

## THE WINNER

"Oh boy, is my dome a merry-go-round," muttered Don Dickens as he turned his tousled blond head on the pillow.

"What time did you get in, anyway?" asked Bill, his room-mate, pulling on a pair of neatly pressed trousers.

"Day time, I guess," responded the young man reaching for a cigarette on a small table. However, in doing so he knocked the table over, upsetting twenty-five pictures of smiling young girls.

"Cut it out. Will ya?" asked Bill with a frown. "The Dean will be up here in a minute, and if he sees this mess and you in bed, he'll give you the 'bad boy'."

"The Dean!" said the culprit with a start that landed him out of bed and into his clothes.

"Sure, he conversed with Sheila this morning, and she called about ten minutes ago to tell you he found out that you and she were in an automobile accident coming home last night."

"Oh, cut the talking. Will ya? And get busy," said Don kneeling on the floor with his clothes half on, picking up pictures and throwing them into a drawer which was already overflowing with shaving creams and neckties.

That's the way Mr. Dunn found them as he paused in the open doorway.

"Eh-hem," he began as the two boys turned around with a start.

"Oh, good morning, Dean," responded Don with his everlasting captivating smile that revealed even white teeth. However, the only reply was a short hateful grunt that came from cruelly set lips as he surveyed the speaker.

"Young man, you may think you can rule my daughter by your good looks, but you needn't try them on me," he went on.

"Why, er-er, I'm sorry," exclaimed the culprit erasing the smile from his lips but not from his eyes.

"My daughter was a very pretty and respectable girl until you began putting silly notions into her head," went on the stern cultured parent.

"I'll say she's pretty. Why you know, Dean, I think she's the swellest girl I've ever met," replied the youth as he tied his shoes, smiling down at them unknowingly to the stern gray-haired man who stood with clenched fists.

"Young man, . . ."

"Oh, call me Don for old times sake, Dean, because after all, I've been here three and a half years," interrupted the chap as he went on rubbing shaving lather on his chin.

"I said 'young man,' and I meant it. Now, you listen to me."

"I'm listening," said Don nonchalantly.

"You stop shaving until after you've heard what I have to say," commanded Dean Dunn.

"Oh, that wouldn't be keeping up to your theory of economics because you know, Dean, there's nothing so hard to do as to try to

shake off dry soap, and I know it will be dry by the time you're through," he added with another of his irresistible smiles.

"I'm going to have you thrown off the football team," came a harsh report as the Dean slammed the door and made his exit.

"Now, the next actor please take the curtain call," laughed Don looking at solemn-faced Bill.

"You can laugh. But what will your people say about your being off the team?" responded the serious-minded.

"Don't worry. Did you ever see a cat get rid of his whiskers? Well, that's how hard it's going to be for that 'old fogey' to get me off the team."

"Oh, yeh! How about the accident last night? Does that affect your conduct? Couldn't he claim you were tipsy?" asked the worried pal.

"No, he can't because he and everyone else know that I never drink. The only fun that I have is dancing."

"There's another thing against you. Your breaking training rules when there's a game coming tomorrow. Oh, I wouldn't worry a bit, Don, because you know what the Dean doesn't say, the coach will."

"You're encouraging," returned his pal with a smile.

"Oh, gee, I wish you'd be serious."

"Am I serious?" shouted Don as a small timid knock was heard on the door. He ran to open the door for a young, beautifully dressed girl.

"Why the glad rags, Sheila?" asked Don as he escorted her to the one and only easy chair while Bill Troy made his exit.

"Oh, Don, this is serious. Do you know what Dad's going to do?"

"Now, listen to me, young lady, I don't even care," retorted the fellow shaking the girl's shoulders gently.

"He's going to send me to the convent," came the words that seemed to chill the air.

"Huh—what did you say?" came the startled reply.

The girl, however, was crying, and her sobbing seemed to tear the heart out of Don, who had become the image of disillusion.

"Well, he can't do it. I won't let him. Listen, you and I could elope."

"No, we can't. That would break my mother's heart, and I couldn't bear to see her suffer, and besides, your family wouldn't like it. Don, you must consider them even if you are twenty three."

"Those aren't any reasons at all, Sheila."

"Oh, well, now listen, Don. If we eloped, you'd be left out of the game, and father would think he had the upper hand and that you were a coward trying to run away."

"He couldn't say that. Besides he's going to put me off the team."

"Oh, yes, he could say that, and he would. I know him. He would blacken your name on the register, and lastly, he would annul the marriage."

"You're showing me how hopeless it is, Sheila, but I couldn't let you be cooped up in a convent. No, never."

"Oh, quit the cave-man act, and let's try to puzzle things out," said Sheila smiling into Don's clouded eyes and set lips.

"But how? You, yourself, just gave every reason why things are hopeless for us."

"No, I didn't. You know my Dad is a great out-door man. He just loves sports. If you could redeem yourself in the football game, tomorrow, I'm sure he'd let me go with you and at least postpone my visit to the convent. Dad really likes you, Don, only he thinks you've got too many high ideas. After all if he could see you pull your team through to a close game, I'm sure he'd change his feelings. I could persuade him to see the team." Sheila had been watching the fellow's face with eagerness and witnessed the change in his features. He had

accepted her challenge. She knew he'd carry it through.

The players were all ready. The blue colored flag of Yale was flashing throughout the stadium as Don wearing the same color, led the fellows on the field in a run. What a cheer! Flags and pennants arose fervently.

The game was a close one. The score was tie. Everyone was excited. Only half a minute to play. One touchdown would surely determine the winner. The ball was kicked along the path of Bill Troy. He stepped aside. Don caught it and ran. Faster and faster he went down the field. He tripped and fell—just over the goal line. The gun went off. The game was over. Don had made a touchdown. He had carried out Sheila's plans, but he knew it was through a true pal, that he was able to redeem himself.

Edna Magee, '34.

## GOLD

The rain beat heavily down on Bob Mason, a young man, slight, tall, and well built, who was stooping over a pan which he kept dipping into the clear bubbling water of a tiny stream. Suddenly out of the rain and wind a rifle shot echoed up and down the valley. Bob dropped face down into the stream, now scarlet red.

The next day found Bob in his little shanty by the stream, his dog, Dago, rapping his furry tail up and down on the rough floor of the one room. Bob spoke, "You saved my life, Dago, by pulling me out of the stream when I fainted from that shot in the shoulder yesterday, and you deserve more meat, but the cupboard is bare. Who shot me? Was it Moley?"

"Arft," (yes in the dog language) barked the collie.

"That skunk; I'll get even," he said as he rose from the plain wooden bench where he was sitting, looking at a picture of Ellen Joel. "'Play fair. And the one who comes back the richest before two years I'll marry.' Those were her words, Dago, and now fifteen months have passed. I can see her as she said those words to Pat Moley and me. I wish you could see her, Dago; she is about five feet five, is thin, has dark hair and blue eyes." Both Bob Mason and Pat Moley loved Ellen Joel. Ellen promised she would marry the one who came back to her the richest in two years.

It was 1849, and the California coast was being searched by thousands in hope that they could get some of that yellow metal called gold. Both Pat Moley and Bob started for the "Land of Gold," as it was advertised by steamship companies. Pat stole and hitch-hiked his way to save money; Bob's conscience kept him straight. To hinder Bob, Pat often blamed crimes on him, but

Bob never could be proved guilty. Pat, knowing that drinking was not allowed on the ship which took them by way of Cape Horn to California, tried many times to dissolve liquor in Bob's food and coffee. A drunkard was thrown overboard on a raft in punishment for drinking.

Bob was shot at once before, but luck was with him, and he was not scratched. He knew it was Pat Moley who shot him the first time because when he looked around, he saw him sneaking through the bushes with a rifle in his hands.

Pat Moley was about Bob's age, around twenty-six. He was sneaking and dishonest in his ways. Side by side they reminded one of Mutt and Jeff. Bob was tall, and Pat very short. Both were good looking and always neat.

Bob never wrote anything about Pat in his letters to Ellen, knowing that if he did write anything of Pat's crooked ways, Ellen would not believe him because back in New York Pat was a model young man.

Two days after Bob was shot, with his arm in a sling, which he made himself out of an old shirt, he and faithful Dago went out in search of berries. It had stopped raining for the first time in nine days. Bob had just a little rabbit meat in his cabin and no other food. He could not hunt for any birds or animals because his shoulder pained him when he tried to shoot a gun. After searching for two or three hours, he concluded that the rain, which had fallen so heavily for the last week or so, must have knocked all the berries off the bushes. Bob could not buy food from any store because the nearest village was twenty-five miles away. Pat was Bob's only neighbor within twenty miles, and he would not dare go near Pat.

"Well, Dago," said Bob as he went to bed

that night on a homemade wooden cot, "we can live on rabbit meat for a day or two, then—oh, well, why try to cross a bridge before you come to it."

The next day Bob was in bed with a fever. Many times he tried to get up, but his shoulder pained him, and he became dizzy. Once he reached the cupboard where he had a barrel of water and some salted rabbit meat put away. He brought a pail of water and a little rabbit meat to his bedside. His shoulder pained him, and it felt as if a fire were burning on it. He knew the fever was caused by this wound being infected. Bob knew that Dago could catch live rabbits and get plenty of water from brooks, so he did not worry about him.

For two days Bob was delirious, and on the third day when he came to his senses, Dago was by his bedside. Bob tore a page from a book by his bedside and wrote:

Dear Pat,

I forgive you for what you have done to me and all you have said about me. I am very sick. Will you please come and bring a little food and medicine? If you are afraid to come, send someone. Please!

Bob.

He tied this note to Dago's collar and told him to go find Pat.

About three hours later Pat came tramping into Bob's cabin. "Huh! Now I guess I can marry Ellen Joel. I'll tell her you fell for a California dame and married her for her money. You ain't got no money, and if you did, you'd never be able to spend it. You're dying. I can see death in your face. I ain't got no money either, but I can steal a little here and there; then I'll marry Ellen. We have to be back by October. Well, you'll never be there. You want food; here, take this boot; it's full of dirt from the back of my cabin." As he said this, he threw the boot at Bob in bed. Pat left the cabin saying, "Good-by. I'm leaving for New York tonight." Dago went to jump at Pat, but Pat kicked him, and Dago rolled back on the floor.

Two days later Bob's condition was very much improved, and he could walk about the cabin. He started to sweep up the dirt which had fallen out of Pat Moley's boot. "Look!" he cried, pointing at the dirt on the floor, and falling on his knees to examine it more closely, "It is, it's—it is gold!" Dago, now able to walk for the first time since he was knicked by Pat, barked and understood Bob.

Six days later Bob and Dago had dug all the gold from Pat Moley's place and were on their way home. Rich—they knew they were richer than Pat Moley, and Bob knew Ellen Joel would soon be Mrs. Robert Mason.

R. Stanley, '34.

A girl is like a pencil. You should have one of your own and not try to borrow the other fellow's.

### SUMNER HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEARTS

See all the sweethearts of Sumner High,  
As arm in arm they pass you by!

First, comes Edith Killen, so shy,  
Leaning on the arm of that Mel Smith guy.

Look who's coming right along here—  
Marion and Pitts. Well, aren't they dear?

Well, Romance simply fills the air.  
Aren't Bob and Grace the loving pair?

Helen and Kenneth tag along,  
Singing together "Love's old sweet song."

Bill Clooney and Dot Hobart pass us by.  
Why does Bill give that great, big sigh?

Now Junie comes with his girl, not bad.  
She's Carol Coulter of Sumner a grad.

Next, Rita and Mullin sidle by.  
They're in love; you can tell by the look in  
each eye.

Here is Lucas strolling along;  
With all those girls he can't go wrong.

Now comes Leslie and Louis Mehl.  
They're in love. He thinks she's swell.

Eleanor Hall and Kempton, too.  
See him gaze into her eyes so blue.

Who's this girl with her beau coming over  
the hill?  
Well, I declare, it's Peggy and Dr. Pill.  
(We mean Alfred, Peggy dear, fancy see-  
ing you two here.)

And now we have two Freshmen names.  
Vivian Kemp and little James.  
We can't spell your last name, Jimmie dear,  
But Vivian can, so don't you fear.

There are many more who are awfully cute;  
But we don't want on our hands a libel suit.  
For we're seeing each lass blush like a rose.  
We hope we've not hurt any one.  
Come on be a good sport! It's all in fun!  
The Gossiper!

Miss Megley: Define an adult.

Taylor: An adult is a person who has  
stopped growing on either end and has  
started to grow in the middle.

(Taken from a magazine)

Miss Megley: "Chandler, give me a sen-  
tence using 'satiate.'"

Tabe: "I took Marion Davison on a picnic,  
and I'll satiate quite a lot."

Chase: "If a man smashed a clock, could  
he be accused of killing time?"

Whitcomb: "Not if he could prove that the  
clock struck first."

## A CHASE FOR GOLD

After twenty-two years of laughing at life out of gay, joyous eyes and of turning up a small nose at difficulties, Sue Loring was in revolt. She was sick of pounding the keys of a typewriter for twenty-five dollars a week, sick of the street on which she lived, sick of buying things at sales. Ruth Blake had often said, "Don't be a fool. With your looks and the way you can wear clothes." But those clear eyes of Sue's had been too honest. An evening with Tom Boyce or with Jerry Carr had never been measured in terms of how much the theatre tickets and the dinner had cost. She had never dug for what she could get.

And now, after twenty-two years, she suddenly decided she had been a fool, and it was time to wake up and be practical.

It was Ruth's artocratic blue roadster and dresses outside the reach of her purse that decided her. A year ago Ruth had walked out of the office and had married money. "Well," Sue demanded of herself bluntly, "what was wrong with money?" The question was more than a brilliant inquiry and marked the moment when she definitely decided to become Mrs. Thomas Boyce and went through the mental motions of shutting Jerry Carr out of her life.

The day was sticky and humid. Usually, when the office closed at noon on Saturday, she was tired from cleaning up the loose ends of a week's work. This Saturday had been worse than the average, with a sales conference on in the office and the buzzer on her desk calling insistently. She waited in the glare of a downtown corner and let three crowded buses go past, and then the aristocratic blue roadster slid into the curb.

"Hop in," Ruth called. She hadn't seen Ruth since her marriage. The windshield was up, and a breeze fanned her cheeks with a grateful coolness. She studied the other girl.

"Well?" Ruth demanded, quite sure of herself.

"You look ten years younger," Sue told her.

"Don't pour syrup on old friends." Ruth chided. But she was pleased.

A traffic light turned red. They halted in a line of cars, and a bus rode to a stop beside them, its motor sending out waves of heat and the odor of burnt oil.

"Ugh!" Ruth made a grimace. "How can people live in that, packed in and stepped on? Oh, I know I used to ride that way twice a day. I couldn't now. Not again.

"You're spoiled," Sue said.

Ruth agreed. "And how I love it?" she smiled.

"Who wouldn't," Sue wondered. Even the dress that Ruth wore, inconspicuous and and severely plain, spoke of money.

"Has the office been getting big-hearted?" Ruth asked.

"They gave me a two-dollar increase last spring." At the time it had seemed a windfall; now it was insignificant.

They wormed through a congested square. Once free of traffic, the car picked up speed. Sue's finger touched the glass that covered the instrument board.

"What make is it, Ruth?

"A Cadillac. So they gave you a two-dollar raise? Same old pikers, aren't they? If they paid you what you're worth, you could get a small car. Ever thought of buying one?"

Sue's nose crinkled. "Can a poor girl," she demanded, "get one on her looks?"

"I got this one," Ruth said calmly. Traffic held them again. "Still stepping around with that Jerry Carr?"

"Sometimes."

"After all the advice I gave you? Won't you ever learn?"

This time Sue's hand caressed the rich upholstery. "I think I have learned," she said.

Ruth let her out at her corner. As Tom Boyce's wife she could have a car. The street danced with heat, but she found it exciting to speculate about the car she would buy. It would be a Cadillac, of course.

Through the screened door at the side of the house she saw her father in the kitchen. His thin gray hair was in disorder, his sleeves were rolled up, and in his rapt eye was the look of the amateur tinkering with unaccustomed tools.

"Hello, honey." He fitted a wrench to a nut. "It's that confounded leak again. Won't be long." He raised his voice. "Sue's home, mother."

There was a step in the hall, and Mrs. Loring came in to the room. It occurred to the girl that she had never seen her mother other than quiet, poised, smiling, and contented.

"Tired, Sue?"

"Sunk. The office went hay-wire today." She leaned against the door.

"Well, Sue, I suppose you have heard the news," asked Mrs. Loring, handing her tired daughter the paper.

Sue glanced at the paper and then suddenly staggered to her room.

"Is it true? Oh, it can't be. Why, if it were, she would have told me," cried Sue.

"Ruth and her husband have been sent to prison for the selling of liquor and gambling, also for the murder of a well known lawyer," murmured Sue.

"Mother," cried Sue, "come quick!"

"This can't be true," she whispered. "Why I just left Ruth about an hour ago, and she was just as happy as ever."

"Happy as ever, Sue; why she was never happy and never will be," replied Mrs. Loring.

"Ruth has lived a wild life with plenty

of money and good times. You know, dear, that can't last forever. It all turns out just like that. Her money has gone, her good times, and most of her life."

"Oh, mother, do you think I can help her in any way? Isn't there something I can do?" pleaded Sue.

"No, dear, I'm afraid not," Mrs. Loring answered quickly.

After a long pause Sue straightened up and smiled. "Well, mother, I may as well tell you that I will marry Jerry Carr if he asks me to. You see I was going to give up my position and run off with that wealthy Tom Boyce. I see my mistake now, Mother, and I know how foolish I was to think of

such a thing. Going with Ruth and watching her have a good time, plenty of money, and a beautiful car; well, it just made me blue," explained Sue as she combed her black wavy hair. "I should be thankful I have a friend like Jerry Carr, and a position so I can pay you and Dad back for what you gave me," pouted Sue.

"Jerry has graduated from a clerk in the Home National Bank to the Vice President, and is now building a beautiful home for you, dear," smiled Mrs. Loring with large expressive eyes as she hugged her daughter and said "Well, how do, Jerry, have you come for Mrs. Carr?"

Kathleen Eldridge.

#### A FRIEND

"For goodness sakes, Rosy, will you stop that baby's screeching?" yelled Mrs. Branley from the porch where she was reposing in a lounging chair, reading a magazine, and munching on expensive chocolates.

"I'm doing the very best I can, madam," (Mrs. Branley always required Rose to call her this) answered Rose almost in tears. "Why must she call me that dreadful name when she knows I hate it so?" she sobbed to herself as she rocked the baby back and forth, doing everything in her power to quiet her.

This unfortunate lass was a pretty but delicate girl of fourteen years. She had never known the care and love of a mother and believed her father to be lost at sea. But Rose was no squealer and always did her duty, never complained nor fretted over the unfortunate life which was hers. However, nearly every night her pillow would be wet with hot tears, for this young lady wanted to become a great piano player like her dad and was deprived of this privilege by her most disagreeable and selfish mistress. Mrs. Branley had a piano, but she always kept it locked and hid the key, for she detested any kind of music and especially (as she called it) "Rosy's hammering." Rose knew where the key was, but she didn't dare to touch it as she received whippings enough for things that she didn't do without forcing another on herself. One night, however, when Mrs. Branley had gone out to a meeting, Rose could no longer resist the temptation, and after getting Maureen tucked snugly in bed, she went to her shabby but spotless room, where she unearthed the three cherished pieces given to her by her ever glorious daddy. From thence, she made her way to the attic, and finding the key, proceeded to unlock and dust off the beloved instrument. Next, she seated herself on a wooden box and opened the well-worn sheets of music. Slowly but surely she fingered the keys, and when at last she had finished her first piece, she was crying so hard from sheer happiness that she did not at first hear the baby howl-

ing. When, however, she did become aware of the fact, another, and this a more alarming sound, reached her panic-stricken senses. She whirled around to see Mrs. Branley with a dangerous looking whip in her long hand and an expression on her hard, set face that would frighten the bravest of all creatures.

Rose cried herself to sleep again that night, "kicking" herself over and over again for having given in to her emotions.

She was awakened the next morning by a loud rap on the door, and then a key turning in the old rusty lock. Her mistress, by the way, locked the poor girl in her room each night and unlocked the door at five o'clock sharp each morning as a signal for Rose to get up.

"Here is a letter addressed to you, Rosy," grumbled the selfish old woman as she stood on the threshold and hurled it across the room towards Rose.

"Thank you," replied the latter courteously as she proceeded to pick it up and open it.

"Oh my heavens!" exclaimed our little friend as she read the letter through the first time. Then, not being able to believe her own eyes, she read it a second time pausing for a few seconds on each word so that it might sink in. She even pinched herself to make sure she wasn't dreaming, for these were the words she read.

66 Parker Avenue,  
Paris, France.  
June 6, 1930.

My dear Rose,

As your legal guardian, I have at last succeeded in locating you and am coming to you as fast as a boat from France will carry me. I hope you are well. I can't wait to see you and tell you of the great fortune left to you by your dear departed Dad.

A sincere friend,  
Mr. Anthony Caston.

Hesitantly, Rose put the miracle back into its envelope, still only half realizing its meaning.

"What's it say?" barked Widow Branley sharply.

"You may read it if you wish," answered the bewildered girl politely as she offered it to her.

The former obeyed, and as she too slowly replaced the letter, in a fit of rage shouted, "Well, he needn't think he's going to take you away from me for nothing. Haven't I clothed and fed you for over five years? Does he think that I can get another girl who'll do my work for nothing?"

Rose flinched at this as she thought of the scanty clothing which had covered her skinny body and of the many nights she had been sent to bed without any supper. Nevertheless, she bravely stood her ground and replied, "He's my legal guardian, Madam, and I am going to do whatever he thinks best."

"The madam" started to speak, but, thinking better of it, turned around and stamped out of the room, slamming the door behind her. Rose was left in a daze and wished with all her heart she could remain in bed for a little while longer and concentrate on this most exciting message. But she well knew what would happen if she wasn't up on time to get breakfast and 'tend to Maureen. So, out of bed she hopped and in a twinkling was on her way downstairs.

Deftly and quietly she worked all morning, washing clothes, dishes and the kitchen floor, ironing and sewing, each minute fearing that Mrs. Branley would appear, and the storm would break again. But luck seemed to be with her, for it was not long after she had succeeded in getting Maureen interested with her blocks that the telephone rang. This call turned out to be a luncheon invitation for her mistress. The latter accepted it, for this meant that she wouldn't have to buy a noon meal that day.

"The baby can eat the soup that's in the ice-box, and if you can scrape anything up, you may have it. Don't you dare to touch the pudding that's in the pantry, or you'll wish you hadn't." Such were her parting words to Rose.

When at last Rose's duties were all performed, she with the baby on her arm, hurriedly climbed the two flights of rickety stairs to her forlorn little room up in the attic. Her heart was singing merrily as she mounted the stairs and entered her room. Placing Maureen down on her cot, she reread for the fifth time the wonderful letter.

This happy little girl was soon awakened from her day dreaming, however, by a loud rap on the front door of the house. Thanking her lucky stars Mrs. Branley wasn't at home, for she well knew what would happen to anyone she caught knocking at her front door, Rose descended the stairs. Upon opening the door, she was greeted with a cheery—

"Hello, I say, are you Rose Brinton?"

"Why, yes," stammered the startled maiden, "I am."

"So you're the lucky little mistress of Sunnyleake. Well, well, I sure am glad to meet you," this from the stranger as he extended his hand toward Rose.

This stricken little lady listened to this marvelous man as he related to her the story of her father's death and of the mansion which she now was in command of.

"Here," he said as he finished, "this is a note for you written by your Dad on his death bed.

She took it from him, her tiny hand trembling, and her flushed face covered with tears. She read—

My darling daughter,

I am writing to you as I draw my last breath. Be faithful to your music for your mother's sake until you succeed, and pray to God that one day we may all be united in the other world. Good-bye and good luck to you, my loved one.

With all my love,  
Dad.

The next day saw Rose on the train from Greenville, with all its disappointment, to France, her home land, speeding along to happiness and success with her sympathetic and watchful guardian at her side.

Grace Kelly, '34.

R. Hagg: "I've got to design a hot-dog stand, what would you suggest as material?"

Joe Mack: "A rustic affair of dogwood covered with bark."

The human brain is a wonderful organ.

It starts working as soon as we wake in the morning, and never stops till we get to school.

Mr. Walsh: "I will now use my hat to represent the planet Mars."

Are there any questions before I go on?"

Daley: "Yes, is Mars inhabited?"

This verse does not mean a thing

It's merely here for volume

I simply copied this gol-darned thing

To fill up this gosh darned column.

—Exchange.

Lucas: "I want a pair of corduroy pants."

Salesman: "How long?"

Lucas: "How long? I don't want to rent them, I want to buy them."

Doctor: "Did you sleep with two windows open as I told you?"

Sick One: "No, I have only one window, but I opened it twice."

Mr. Neal: "Are you the kind of a worker that watches the clock?"

Maxham: "No, Sir, I have a wrist watch."

Miss Maguire: "What does transparent mean?"

F. Roberts: "Something you can see through."

Miss Maguire: "Yes, and give me an illustration."

F. Roberts: "A Doughnut!"

## "ONE ROGERS . . . LOST"

(Excerpts from the log of the Cryptic)

Alone . . . on a desert island way off in the black blue spaces of a map of the Pacific, Henry Rogers stood on a rocky promontory, an arm stretched out in vain appeal to that small gray sail that was fast diminishing on the horizon.

Wheeling birds scolded shrilly, and small brown monkeys scattered impotently at the human figure crumpled so hopelessly on the rocks. Hours later when the vertical sun had turned the sea from deep blue to green and was making the shore a hot white dazzle, Rogers stirred and, cursing, betook himself to the shade of a few cocoanut palms in a manner saying, "Well, it's all up now, but I might as well die in comfort." Here with his back to a tree, his chin on his chest, he disconsolately reviewed his trip on that disreputable coastwise steamer which he had, to his present sorrow, discovered to be a modern pirateer. Futilely he questioned why he had not agreed, with mental reservations, to become one of them; fool that he was, he had not conceived it possible for them to carry out their threats.

A brilliant orchid and sulphur sunset passed unnoticed; a moon as glowing as a New England harvest moon spent the night in attendance on the myriad "angels lanterns" without recognition from that pitiful figure; the mist-blue and tangerine of sunrise brought only a fretful sleep for human troubles. Noonday, however, awoke him with seething heat and myriad flies.

Grumbly changing position, he reawakened to his condition, the meagre store of provisions, and the smallness of all mankind. Seeing that his little bit of ammunition was dangerously close to the water, he stretched with a great cracking of joints and secured them in some pride of possession. With a few more prodigious yawns he proceeded to explore his "teaspoonful of sand and patch of green twigs." The only thing of promise in the whole island was the fruitful cluster of cocoanut palms which adorned the top of the little hill. How the monkeys ever got there was a lasting wonder. What would soon become of them was not. That answer was applicable also to the numerous sea birds which rose in such squawking, feathery panic at his approach. Rogers took a cynical pleasure in calculating how many birds and cocoanuts it would take for a man to exist "in this dismal hole."

Day after day dawned and set in glittering magnificence until that poor shelterless soul cursed the sun, the sea, the island, but chiefly himself. Hour after hour he spent in wandering around the beach when cool, digging for shell fish; hour after heated hour he spent sitting in the narrow, changing shade of his three palms, talking to himself, reciting his grievances, planning wild, hair-brained vengeances.

Then one day he found gold as he was idly scratching in the sand—good-sized glittering particles all over the place; why, that was what gave the beach that bright dazzle at noonday. His island was rich! His inactive life was now filled with a great purpose; he worked zealously in the dim of morning, sweated in the midday brightness, and plodded slowly but steadily through the afternoon until faintness made him stop for rest. He filled three great sand hollows at the foot of the palms, lined them with bird feathers to protect his treasure. Each night before he slept he worshipped this shimmering, glinting mass with standard ritual—plunging his arms elbow deep into the pits, bringing up handfuls to drop through his fingers again in a glancing cascade of moon-made magic, and finally covering it up with feverish, furtive halts as if the dozing monkeys were enemies of his love.

Months later, as he straightened from his work to rest his back and wipe the sweat from his bearded face, he noticed far out on the horizon a drift of faint smoke. This ecstatic joy broke the remnants of his once powerful will, the final restraint of his gold fever, and sent him, screaming, across the rocky promontory, urged him to tie his tattered shirt on a pole and wave it frantically, and supported him as the steamer gradually assumed a clearer shape on the horizon.

Steadily nearer it seemed to come, nearer, just a little nearer, and then slowly receded from view again. That gray cloud of smoke, once seeming to have waved in friendly greeting, was now a mocking, sarcastic finger pointed in demoniacal glee at the futile man.

The sun was again the weapon of Satan, the palm trees were a "couple of sticks," the island of gold was a "teaspoon of sand." Even the gray sea birds and the now lone monkey voiced no sympathy for that prostrate, broken form alone on the rock.

Ruth Hill, '34.

A gum chewing boy  
A cud chewing cow  
Seem to me  
Alike somehow.  
A difference there is,  
Oh—I see it now—  
It's the thoughtful look  
On the face of the cow.

## A MATTER OF DETERMINATION

"No, you cannot go to college, Claire Whitney. You know perfectly well that you'd never get anywhere because you are just like your Aunt Harriet on your father's side. Now, my people were always sure of making good, for they all have good stuff in them," argued the determined mother.

And the determined daughter argued back sensibly for her own sake. "Yes, but what has Aunt Harriet got to do with it? How can I help what she did or didn't do? She has more money than all your relatives together. She must have had some brains to get that!"

Claire Whitney was a small blue-eyed blond with a pale oval face and a small feminine nose. Claire didn't have to be large in stature to get what she wished. She had many faithful friends, and she was extremely popular in her section of the city of Boston. Everyone, except her mother, seemed to like her and to overlook her few faults.

This resolute young lady, ever since she had been graduated from high school a month before, had argued almost continually on the subject of going to college in the fall, but to no avail. Mrs. Whitney resolved that she shouldn't go, and Claire resolved that she would go. Something had to happen because neither would give in to the other.

Claire was getting perfectly disgusted with everyone except Bill Rodney. He was a dark curly-haired young man who always looked perfectly charming and who was very popular with the members of the opposite sex. Bill was spending the summer at Boston near the Whitney home getting rested for the coming college year at New York.

When Claire brought the subject before him for his opinion, he had said earnestly and not without meaning, "You had better marry me immediately and come to New York with me. I can get some kind of job that will support us, and you'll at least get away from your mother's nagging. The "Mater" probably wouldn't think much of it, but what should that matter? "And then pleadingly when he thought that she was going to refuse, "Why, Claire, you know we would be perfectly happy together. And didn't you say that you had an aunt there? Why, you'd even have one of your relatives real near. Please, Claire, I want to see you happy!"

"Bill dear, be sensible. Marrying you and going to New York would not get me to college, and that's where I'm going. Besides, I wouldn't live in New York anyway if I did get married, and I probably never shall get married anyhow," she declared haughtily.

However, she did not realize then that she would be on her way to New York in a very few days.

The next night as she lay on her bed looking at the rose papered walls and the white ceiling, she decided her future and happiness. She would go to college! She would go to

New York tomorrow morning to this aunt whom she so greatly resembled, and to this aunt whom they said she would always be like! Yes, that was the only way. Why hadn't she thought of that before? She would go through with her plans, too. Mother or no mother, she did not care now.

When she finally fell asleep, she dreamed of New York, a grand and glorious city with broad streets and high massive buildings. She could see herself walking down "the great white way" happy and carefree.

She awakened with a start. What would Bill think? And he lived in New York, too. She could never face him, but after all New York was a large place.

Claire silently packed her bag with all her necessities. She would take only a few things, and then she would send for her trunk later.

It was a beautiful day, so she would go from Boston by boat. She had never been on a long boat trip, and it was sure to prove exciting.

After breakfast she descended the red carpeted stairway with a black leather suitcase in one hand, a pocketbook and hat box in the other. She walked with a uniform step to the kitchen where her mother was washing dishes and said in a dignified voice, "I am going to live with Aunt Harriet since I am as much like her. I should think we would get along very nicely together."

Mrs. Whitney stood glued to the floor. When she finally regained her voice, she yelled, "Why, you foolish child, she wouldn't give a cat room enough to sleep comfortably!" But her daughter didn't hear it. She was well on her way.

Claire walked down Atlantic Avenue to the boat-pier with her head held high. Anyone might have thought that she owned the whole sidewalk or even the whole street.

After paying her fare out of the small savings that she had, she boarded the boat. It was a thrill because she had never been on such a boat before. It was like a mansion. She walked into the tiny stateroom which she thought was necessary to get, and put down her bags.

All day aboard the boat did not prove as exciting as she anticipated. Every time she sat down she suddenly became afraid for herself at what she had done. Maybe her aunt wouldn't want her to live with her and would turn her away from her door. What would she do then? She certainly wouldn't have money enough to live for more than a week in an expensive city like New York. But she wouldn't go back to her mother. These thoughts that ran through her mind were not at all encouraging.

The boat pulled easily and gracefully into New York harbor. Claire's knees were shaking and knocking together. She managed to push forward and to be one of the first off.

A taxi drove her up to a wonderful apartment house on Park Avenue, and in her exultation she handed the cabman a bill in a

daze and ran up the steps. The next she realized she was in a luxurious apartment, and there was a withered old lady dressed in black silk looking at her and asking, "What did you come for? You're Seth Whitney's daughter, aren't you?"

"Why, yes, I'm Claire Whitney, and I've come to live with you if you'll have me!"

"What? You've come to live with me? Why, what on earth drove you to this? You must be pretty hard up for a place to stay. Did you have a fight with some foolish young ox and were fool enough to run away from him? I can't see what girls want with those fickle young men!"

"No, Aunt Harriet, I came of my own accord. I know a lovely young man, but he isn't fickle. He's just the nicest . . ." But she couldn't finish; Aunt Harriet was to anxious to talk.

"Then, that mother of yours has told you about your resembling me and has nagged you, so that you have come here to spite her," she guessed, "and it's about time you did something sensible. I don't know why on earth that brother of mine ever married such a maniac. That certainly proves that men are fickle."

A week latter found Claire comfortably settled with her aunt and with a promise of going to college in the fall.

After Claire had left Boston, Bill Rodney suddenly decided to go back to New York for the rest of the summer. He had planned to stay another month, but he said that he thought it was just as well to go home and get ready for college.

On arriving in New York, he speedily went to Mrs. Whitney's apartment. Claire was home alone and answered the bell doubtfully. She turned deathly white as he stood imploring her with his eyes. She hadn't hoped to see him again.

"Claire, you little darling. You're the most determined girl I know. Someday it will not lead you to such a happy ending. But why did you do it without telling me?"

"Bill, forgive me, please. You know it had to be."

It was a long story that story of hers, and his was equally as long, for a few weeks are very long to lovers.

She was in his arms and contented at last! That question that preceeds many happy and prosperous marriages was on his lips.

"Will you marry me now, darling? You're in New York, you know."

"Oh, Bill, you know I will but-but . . ."

"Oh, there are no buts to it at all! I'm so happy to know you will marry me," as he whirled her around the room.

"But as I was saying when you interrupted me, I'll have to go to college first. After all, that's what I came to get, but the day college closes I'm yours, all yours. And to think we'll be going to the same college together only you'll be a year ahead of me."

And they both went to college and lived all the hours of the four years planning for that lovely June day when they should be man and wife.

Dorothy Hobart, '34.

On the sidewalk stood a man  
While past him little children ran.  
Both men and women passed this day,  
But not a glance they cast his way.

The man was cold, and hungry too,  
But still it seemed that no one knew.  
His face was pinched, so blue and cold;  
His faded coat was patched and old.

His shoes were old and much worn too.  
In fact, the soles were nearly through,  
But head held high, and chin out thrust,  
He swore he'd get some food or bust.

And in a room so cold and bare,  
His wife and children needed care.  
He knew they'd pray 'til he returned  
And eagerly ask how much he'd earned.

The price of food was low indeed,  
But extra high to those in need.  
This man submerged in thoughts so drear  
Felt some one tap him from the rear.

"Now please don't lie," the stranger said,  
"But have your children all been fed?  
Have you a place to sleep and eat?  
And is your home supplied with heat?"

The poor man felt as paupers do  
And quickly looked down at his shoe.  
He knew this man would offer aid,  
Such aid that could not be repaid.

The stranger sensed his thoughts and spoke,  
"It is no sin, Sir, to be broke.  
I can't do much, I'll give you five  
To help you keep your folks alive."

Appropriate words could not be found,  
The poor man uttered not a sound,  
But thought as he grasped the hand of this  
man,  
"If I can't repay, I know God can."  
Thelma Nickerson, '33.

Miss Maguire: Everyone has two hundred bones in his body . . .

Hagg (interrupting): I haven't, I have two hundred and four bones.

Miss Maguire: Why, what do you mean?

Hagg: I had fish for supper last night.

Mr. Walsh: What was Columbus' motto?  
MacKay: More miles to the galleon.

Bob Martin: Don't you file your nails?  
K. Walsh: No, I cut them off and then throw them away.

Mr. Walsh: "What happened in 1483?"

Olsen: "Luther was born."

Mr. Walsh: "Good. Now in 1487?"

Olsen (Still more brightly): "Luther was four years old."

## JUST A HAYSEED

"Now what?" exclaimed Ted in a loud voice to himself, as he stood gaping about him, his well-framed body causing people to turn around and look at him. "Whew, there's nothin' like this in Bloomingvale. That station there is sixty times as big as Izzy Micken's place ever thought o' bein'."

The idlers about the station examined him amusedly. His hands were in his pockets, his well-groomed head was cocked to one side, and his clothes were so ill-fitted and so poorly harmonizing in colors that no wonder he attracted attention. With a quick, long-strided, unmilitary step he stamped into Pennsylvania Station directly into the waiting room. Looking neither to the right nor left, he slouched into the first seat available with a deep sigh. His straw suitcase he placed between his knees so that no one could snatch it. New York, he had been wisely informed, was full of thieves.

"What shall I do, and where shall I go?" he asked himself, when suddenly he became aware of an immaculately dressed young woman sitting beside him. Her merry blue eyes were gazing quizzically at him. With a jerk that almost pushed the seat over, he sprang into a sitting position and grabbed a much worn hat off his dark curls.

"How-de-do?" he asked with a great effort. His mother had taught him to be polite to ladies.

"How do you do?" she answered in quite a pleasantly husky voice.

"Here is someone that might be able to tell me where I c'd find myself a boarding house," he meditated. "A-er-mm-a I-I don't know yer name, but couldja' tell me where I c'd find something to throw my bones into?" He betrayed his country even more by talk-ing.

"My name is Jacqueline Ames, and I'm sure I could help you find a room. As a matter of fact, the woman with whom I board might be able to let you have a room at quite a reasonable price," noticing that he looked honest "What is your name?"

"My name? Ah, it's—it's Teddy Jeemson." He was becoming thoroughly embarrassed before this wonderful person.

Just then a tall young man walked to Jacqueline and murmured, "I'm sorry I kept you waiting."

"Oh, I've been having a wonderful time, Bud," she explained while looking at Ted, who immediately blushed to a brilliant red and envied Bud's flawless manner and cloth-ing. "This is Ted Jeemson who is coming to live at Mrs. Mackay's." Bud lifted a well plucked eyebrow in his survey of Ted. A scorn, barely perceptible to a stranger, flicked on his face.

Arriving at the boarding house, Mrs. Mackay immediately put the newcomer at ease. Bob, Mrs. Mackay's son, danced around the young man, scrutinizing him on all sides. While showing him one of the rooms, she informed him, "This room is fifteen dollars a week and two meals a day

included in the same price, breakfast and dinner. Breakfast from seven to eight; dinner, five to seven."

Ted, with five hundred dollars in his pos-session, decided he'd pay anything to be near Jacqueline. "I'll take it," and he handed over a week's board in advance.

That evening as Bob knew that Ted wasn't going anywhere, he went to him shyly. Ted, guessing what he wanted, inquired, "Yer want that I should read to yer?"

"If you will, please," he sighed relievedly. An hour sped on wings, with Bob drowsing in Ted's lap. Jacqueline and Bud Flanagan came in noisily and cast a surprised glance at Ted and Bob. Ted's tongue became glued to the roof of his mouth; not a word could he utter.

"Please continue reading," begged Jacqueline, "we won't disturb you."

"I reckon I've done enough readin' tonight. It's about my bedtime, anyhow." And he rushed out of the room, angry tears swelling in his eyes at his own bashfulness. Why couldn't he be as calm and collected as that Flanagan fellow?

Before falling asleep, he resolved to be-come as well poised as Bud so that Jacqueline might send him some of the admiring looks that she was always giving Bud.

Immediately after breakfast next morn-ing he went out, coming back about an hour later. He walked straight into the drawing room and commenced reading. Jacqueline's curiosity was so aroused that she tiptoed be-hind his chair to see what had so absorbed his interest.

"Don't mumble names when introducing people.

"Don't interrupt conversation to make an introduction.

"Don't if you're a gentleman, exhibit let-ters from ladies."

"Oh," escaped her lips before she could prevent it. Ted jumped up as one shot. Jacqueline became confused and hurriedly stammered, "I'm sorry I frightened you, but I thought you were reading a murder story by the manner in which you were so keenly in-terested."

"Oh-a-I was only tryin' to do a little studyin'. Yer see I didn't have any founda-tion in this kind of thing before I left home," he said humbly, his eyes downcast.

At once her heart went out to him. "I could try to do my best by correcting your grammar and by suggesting to you the choice of clothing." Appreciation lit up his eyes, but he couldn't express it in words. He only mumbled, "Thank yer."

So then the drilling began. Jacqueline be-come so concerned in her work that she even broke engagements with Bud. One evening after another was passed in studying. Ted's grammar was improving; he had chosen an-other suit of clothes, less conspicuous than his others. To the tune of the radio Jacqueline taught him to dance. At first he was clumsy and awkward, but it wasn't long be-

fore he acquired the rhythm of music. Having accomplished that, his movements became smooth, his poise excellent.

On their first night out together, they went to a cabaret. However, unknowingly, they were being followed by Bud, whose jealousy was just about over its bounds. Bud had noticed Ted's improvement and Jacqueline's increasing interest in the latter. Now he was going to watch them closely so that he could catch Ted off his guard and embarrass him before Jacqueline so that she would never look at him. As he entered the cabaret, he looked around to see where Jacqueline and Ted were seated. His eyes blazed when he saw the two talking intimately, their eyes for each other only. Walking with a slow pace as though he had nothing seething in his mind, he started towards their table. He almost passed the table, thinking that they would notice him, but they noticed nothing. He leaned down on the table and exclaimed in a surprised tone that confused the others, "Just think of seeing you here," and added, "As I haven't anyone with me, I think I'll stay with you."

Neither one could say anything for a while, but Ted found his voice first, "We'd be delighted to have you."

His coolness angered Bud some more. "The insolent pup!"

"Want to dance, Jacqueline?" asked Ted. Turning to Bud, "You won't mind, will you?"

"Not at all." While they were dancing, Bud was thinking of revenge. What could he do?

"Oh! Trip Ted while . . ." But his plan was rudely interrupted by the return of the two.

With eyes sparkling and looking possessively at Jacqueline, Ted fairly shouted, "Congratulate me, Bud. Jacqueline has just promised to marry me. If you were in a rut, don't you think you'd like to have a girl like Jacqueline to help you?"

Mumbling his good wishes, Bud tried to get out as soon as possible, but Ted intervened, "As an old friend of Jacqueline's, I want you to stay and celebrate with us tonight."

However, Bud complained of having a headache and walked away, grumbling in an undertone, "Some people have all the luck. Would you have ever thought that that hayseed would be my rival, getting the best girl of all? Of all the luck that beats them all."

Lillian Soderblom, '34.

Roberts: "Laugh and the class laughs with you."

J. Smith: "Yes, but you stay after school alone."

L. Mehl: Are you the man who cut my hair last time?

Bunk McPherson: I couldn't be, sir, I've only been here a year.

### OH, DEAR!

A little mouse sat, oh, so still,  
Regarding me against my will.  
The merry twinkle in his eye  
Made me the doorway quickly spy.

I jumped out of my seat so quick,  
That I 'most made the poor mouse sick.  
He gazed at me with frightful eye,  
But still to me he seemed too sly.

As soon as I the doorway passed,  
I turned to see of him the last,  
But there did he aquivering sit  
Till I surely thought he'd have a fit.

So quickly did his small feet leap  
As he did jump with no last peep;  
He scampered to his knotty hole  
And slipped right through his gnarled goal.

Oh dear, a little mouse like this  
Had made me such a chance to miss  
To show my bravery with the beasts;  
Vexation in me was increased.

Lillian Soderblom, '34.

### TECHNOLOGY LECTURES

On December 10, 1932, Mr. Hodge accompanied by the following freshmen attended a lecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The freshmen who went are as follows: Henry Wallace, Joseph Behan, and Roland Kearns. The trip was made in Mr. Hodge's car, and they reached there around 2:15. After the lecture they went to the Tech library where they viewed all to be seen and arrived home about 5:00.

On January 13, 1933, seven members of the freshman class accompanied by Miss Knutson went to Massachusetts Institute of Technology to attend a lecture given on chemistry. The freshmen who attended are as follows: Norma Caswell, Aubrey Clark, Joseph Behan, James Magee, Ruth Kierstead, and Paul Wiggins. The trip in was made in Miss Knutson's car, and the return trip was made in it as far as Shawmut Station Garage, where Mr. Caswell kindly brought us the rest of the way home, reaching here about 6:00.

Paul Wiggins, Class Editor.

Chase: "It says here that a butcher found a collar button in a cow's stomach."

Kempton: Bosh! How could a cow get under a bedroom dresser?"

R. Hagg: "How did you get banged up?"  
C. Hooker: "Skiing."

R. Hagg: "What happened?"  
C. Hooker: "Couldn't decide which side of a tree to go around."

Chandler: Why does the whistle blow for a fire?

Lively: It doesn't blow for the fire, it blows for water. They've got the fire.

The American Legion Post of Holbrook conducted an essay contest in the senior high school. Several submitted essays and Leslie Thorud's was the one selected by the judges as being the best. An award will be given at graduation.

### THE LEGION PRIZE WINNING ESSAY Why We Celebrate Armistice Day In Our Town

Just why do we celebrate Armistice Day? That is a question to consider. Is it just to make people stop in their everyday routine to remember that several delegates from several countries affixed their names to a document that brought succor to a war-wrecked, tortured, mad world? Is it to give the tired working person a respite from the hum-drum existence of offices, shops, schools, etc., or the eager schoolboy a holiday from school? Is it because the treaty signed on November 11, 1918, was as eagerly heralded as "the shot heard round the world in 1775"?

No! We celebrate Armistice Day to honor all the men and women who played any part in the war for the preservation of Democracy. On that Day we honor those brave men who answered the call of a Nation in distress, the women who sent their loved ones out into the unknown with a smile, and then prayed while their busy fingers did their bit, and the women who joined to bring a bit of comfort to those who were injured and maimed in the fray.

They all played their parts superbly, but the war left the stamp on all—some returned hopeless cripples, some did not return, and those who did seemed to have lost their youth, that intangible something which makes young people face the world unafraid and hopeful. All did their duty, strong and unafraid! All deserve the highest honors, and Armistice Day is the Nation's tribute to its brave men and women.

Armistice Day is beautiful, and—sad. We, who see the parades and celebrations on Armistice Day, feel a thrill of pride run through our bodies, our hearts beat faster and we are moved by that emotion known as patriotism. Those men who participate in the parades and celebrations are proud to follow the flag of our Country, just as proud as they were in 1917, their step is just as true and unfaltering as then, their eyes fixed ahead with the same steady purpose, but, in almost every heart is the thought, more poignant than ever, of the "buddie" sleeping Over There. To these men, the parade means more than an Armistice Day celebration—to them it is the outward manifestation of keeping faith with those who sleep in Flander's Fields! To the cheerful, courage-instilling march music they keep perfect step—to the ones who no longer march at their sides they keep perfect faith—those men who risked their all for Democracy.

We weep when we see a straight khaki-clad figure place a wreath on the grave of

our Unknown Soldier, but in the crowd may be many a Mother, dry-eyed and proud, whose anguish is solaced by the thought that perhaps the boy who lies there, honored and revered, is her own son—the boy whom she gave to the Country's need; many a wife, sister or sweetheart who sent away her loved one, never to see him again—these, too should be honored on Armistice Day. They also serve, who stay and wait! When the sad, beautiful strains of Taps float over the air, both we who are here and those who sleep "somewhere in France" know that we are honoring them; they know they are missed; they know Armistice Day is their Day. We can never honor them enough, those gallant men—and women—who have risen nobly to the occasion at every opportunity. They gave their lives that we might live; they risked their all that we might be saved, and to them we owe a debt that can never be paid—a debt that we recognize by our Armistice Day celebration. It is not only the "sleeping dead" who are honored, when we whisper a prayer at Taps, it is the "living dead," too, who are still paying the price of war in our hospitals and institutions. They, too, deserve our highest honors at this time.

We celebrate Armistice Day in our town to honor and pay homage to the men and women who played their parts so nobly in the greatest of all dreams, a drama heralded by death, inspired by nobility of purpose, characterized by courage and acted on Life's stage, "THE WORLD WAR."

Leslie Joan Thorud, '33.

### THE ECHO

I should like to point out to you the work done by the staff in bringing this publication to you. All the material is contributed by the students of the school. No assignments are given to obtain this material. We have two editors from each class whose duty it is to get all this material from their classmates. All this goes to the literary editor, who decides whether it is suitable for the Echo. Then it goes to the Faculty Adviser for final revision.

This year the staff had no difficulty with collecting literary material, but it has found it very difficult to finance the paper. Both subscriptions and advertisements are needed in order not to go in debt. As a large number of former advertisers are not advertising this year, it was necessary for the staff to exert themselves to the utmost to obtain money for this issue.

The policy has always been not to publish an issue without having sufficient funds. This issue is now before you, which shows you that the editors have supplied you with enough literary material, and that the business managers have been able to raise enough funds to have allowed this June issue to go to press.

K. Stanley,  
Editor-in-Chief.

# SCHOOL NOTES



SENIOR PLAY  
W. Taylor, B. Brooks, G. Dyer, C. MacPherson, L. Thorud, M. Randall, R. Martin, H. Kelly, K. Stanley, M. Huskins, W. Hooker, M. Boss.

## GIRL SHY

On February 3, the Seniors showed their acting ability in the annual Senior Class Play, "Girl Shy." Those who took part in it deserve the highest of praise. The leading parts were excellently taken by Merrill Randall, as Tom Arsdale, who is afraid of girls, and Leslie Thorud, as Babs, who falls in love with Tom. Other parts were taken by Robert Martin, as Oke, Tom's roommate; Sylvia, the girl from "back home"; Margaret Huskins; Alfred, the college poet, Kenneth Stanley; Chuck Mayo, "butter and egg man," Gordon Dyer; Birdie LaVerne, Chuck's sweetheart, Christine MacPherson; Peaches Carter, Oke's present flame, Helen Kelley; Caroline, Tom's aunt, Myrtle Boss; Mr. Arsdale, Tom's father, William Taylor; Dean Harlow, dean of the college, Wade Hooker; Asma, colored wash-woman, Barbara Brooks.

The play tells of two college boys, Oke and Tom, who live together. One is "girl shy" and the other just the opposite. After many difficult and amusing situations, Tom meets Babs, with whom he falls in love.

The play was excellently coached by Miss Kathryn Megley, member of our faculty.

Dancing was enjoyed till 12 and we certainly had a good time.

Mildred Feeney, '33,  
Senior Editor.

## SENIOR OFFICERS

President—William Hutchinson  
Vice-President—Myrtle Boss  
Secretary—Lucy Cartullo  
Treasurer—Sisag Garabedian  
Class Color—Cerise and Gold  
Class Flower—Carnation  
Class Motto—Strive to conquer

## SENIOR NOTES

It has been the custom for years past for the graduates to have a Reception on the evening following the graduation exercises. This Reception has always consisted of the regular Class day exercises, history, prophecy, gifts, and will, a reception, a grand march, and dancing.

A change has been voted by the class this year. A Junior-Senior banquet is to replace the former Reception. A caterer will serve the banquet in the School Hall where the clas day exercises will be given, followed by dancing, with music furnished by an orchestra. The Juniors, faculty, superintendent, and school committee will be the guests of the seniors.

Chase: "What requires many answers but asks no questions?"

Kempton: "Gosh, I give up."

Chase: "A door bell. Ha, Ha."

**JUNIOR CLASS NOTES**

On Friday, January 27, an assembly sponsored by the assembly committee was held. Grace Kelly, vice-president of the Junior Class, led the salute to the flag and introduced the speaker, Mr. Rasely, from Burdett College. Mr. Rasely gave an interesting lecture on "What Counts Most in Life." It was very inspiring.

The Junior Class decided to wait until the senior year to buy class rings.

**JUNIOR OFFICERS**

President—Robert Stanley  
Vice-President—Grace Kelly  
Treasurer—Ruth Smith  
Secretary—Rita Moran  
Class Motto—Climb though the rocks be rugged

**JUNIOR PROM**

The Junior Prom was held May 16, in the School Hall, appropriately decorated in blue and gold, the class colors. The orchestra, Dornan's of Brockton, not only furnished music for dancing, but also entertained. Two acts were banjo duets very cleverly performed by the leader and his brother. A cut-in dance and several Paul Jones dances were features of the evening. Dancing was enjoyed from eight to twelve. Miss Collins and Miss Damon, were the patronesses. Mr. and Mrs. Neal also attended the party. The Prom proved a success both socially and financially.

**SUMNER HIGH JUNIORS**

The Junior Class is large and fair;  
They can be found 'most anywhere.  
Here are a few fair lads and lasses  
Who shine in the Junior Classes:  
First, there's Mel Smith, a boy  
Who brings fair Edith lots of joy;  
Then there comes the mighty Pitts,  
Who in all classes shows his wits;  
Then, a Kelly girl called Grace,  
Who is always sweet and fair of face;  
And for her favors boys do race.  
Next, Lucas is another boy  
For whom all damsels look so coy;  
Then, Louis Mehl, a strange lad,  
But "Red" doesn't think that he's so bad;  
Then Rita sets male hearts aflutter,  
And at her doorstep males do clutter.  
Now we have our Katy Porter  
Who does some things she hadn't "oughter."  
Marion Davison is her pal.  
We'll all say she is some gal.  
A petite female is Phoebe Shea,  
A cheerful giggle heralds her way.  
Oh, my dear, we've forgotten a boy,  
Georgie Daly, the class pride and joy;  
Then, there's shy Bill Clooney  
Who over Dot Hobart sure is looney.  
Now I know I've left a lot,  
But these Juniors will ne'er be forgot.  
I wish to all you Juniors fame,  
Of Sumner never forget the name.

One who was once a Junior.

**SOPHOMORE OFFICERS**

President—Frank Stonkus  
Vice-President—Geraldine Behan  
Treasurer—Gardner Mills  
Secretary—Geraldine Sullivan

**FRESHMAN OFFICERS**

President—Roland Kearns  
Vice-President—Ruth Martin  
Treasurer—Carl Casperson  
Secretary—Frances Bisbee

**HONOR ROLL****November and December****HIGH HONOR A**

Juniors, Marion Davison, Ruth Hill;  
Freshmen, Roland Kearns.

**HONOR A OR B**

Seniors, D. Andrews, R. Bettencourt, B. Brooks, P. Gilley, E. Hall, M. Huskins, H. Kelly, E. Killen, M. Porges, L. Thorud; Juniors, P. DeWolfe, G. Egles, M. Hanney, D. Hobart, G. Kelly, L. Mehl, F. Mitchell, R. Moran, F. Rollings, P. Shea, R. Smith, L. Soderblom, F. Sorocco; Sophomores, G. Behan, C. Casperson, W. Andrews, P. Lyons, I. Porges, E. Waters; Freshmen, J. Behan, F. Bisbee, N. Caswell, R. Kierstead, E. Seavers, N. Pierson, R. Martin, M. Churchill, A. Clooney, I. George, M. Iveson, C. Casperson.

**January and February****HIGH HONOR A**

Seniors, H. Kelly; Juniors, R. Hill.

**HONOR A OR B**

Seniors, D. Andrews, R. Bettencourt, B. Brooks, P. Gilley, L. Thorud; Juniors, M. Davison, P. DeWolfe, G. Egles, D. Hobart, G. Kelly, L. Mehl, R. Moran, F. Rollings, R. Smith, L. Soderblom, F. Sorocco; Sophomores, W. Andrews, G. Behan, C. Casperson, P. Lyons; Freshmen, F. Bisbee, N. Caswell, R. Kearns, R. Kierstead, E. Seavers, M. Churchill, A. Clooney, I. George, M. Iveson, R. Martin, N. Pierson; Post graduates, C. Hayden, D. Sullivan.

**March and April****HIGH HONOR A**

Juniors, R. Hill; Freshmen, R. Kearns.

**HONOR A OR B**

Seniors, R. Bettencourt, P. Gilley, H. Kelly, L. Thorud; Juniors, M. Davison, P. DeWolfe, G. Egles, D. Hobart, G. Kelly, L. Mehl, F. Mitchell, R. Moran, V. Poole, F. Rollings, R. Smith, F. Sorocco, R. Stanley; Sophomores, G. Behan, W. Andrews, E. Waters; Freshmen, N. Caswell, M. Churchill, A. Clooney, I. George, M. Iveson, R. Kierstead, R. Martin, N. Pierson, C. Stanley; Post graduates, C. Hayden, D. Sullivan.

Beansy: "And you mean to say that you recognize me with my new beard, mustache, bandage over one eye, new muffler, and new clothes? What gave me away?"

Martin: "You have my fountain pen in your pocket."

# ASSEMBLIES

## JUNIOR ASSEMBLY

The Junior Assembly was held February 17 under the direction of Miss Knutson. This Assembly opened with the salute to the flag led by Robert Stanley. Frances Sorrocco played two saxophone solos, "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life" and "Kiss Me Again," accompanied by Norma Caswell at the piano. Frank Lelakes read a biography of Thomas Edison, whose birthday occurred on February 11. In honor of Lincoln's birthday, Ruth Hill read a poem, "Lincoln, the Man of the People" by Edwin Markham.

A Valentine's Day play, entitled "His Best Seller" was presented. The characters were: Anne Patterson, Amy Hagg; Mrs. Patterson, Virginia Poole; Gerald Kensington Lee, Lewis Mehl. Closing this assembly, a comedy entitled "Wild Nell—the Pet of the Plains" was given. Those assisting or taking part in this act were Dorothy Hobart, Marguerite Raynor, Phoebe Shea, Melbourne Smith, Claire Rollings, Helen Callahan, Emerson Lucas, and Wilbur Pitts.

## SENIOR ASSEMBLY

What an assembly the Seniors conducted January 10. As is the custom, the assembly was opened by the salute to the flag led by our vice-president, Myrtle Boss.

Helen Kelly and George Porter showed their unusual harmonizing ability in a Dutch folk-song, accompanied on the piano by Miss Richardson.

Merrill Randall gave two Italian dialect readings which were well appreciated by the audience.

The feature of the assembly was Mr. C. W. Coombes, speaker from Poly-Tech, Worcester. He gave an excellent talk on "Value of Higher Education."

The assembly was closed by selections from the school orchestra.

Mildred Feeney.

## SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

An assembly was held March 3 with a speaker from the State House present. The assembly was under supervision of Miss Bartlett. It was opened with the salute to the flag and the first stanza of the Star Spangled Banner. The speaker, Mr. Carl Schraeder, Supervisor of Physical Education for Massachusetts, was introduced by Robert Colburn of the Sophomore class. He spoke on health both physically and mentally and of the necessity of sports for everyone to compete in high schools. His talk was very interesting.

Robert Colburn, '35,  
Class Editor.

## LEGION ASSEMBLY

An interesting assembly was held on Monday, January 30. It was opened with a pledge to the flag, led by Grace Kelley. Then the school orchestra gave several enjoyable selections.

Major Thorud spoke on the Legion's appreciation and thanks to the orchestra for their splendid work. He then presented them with a beautiful trombone.

The assembly was enjoyed, and the presentation of the gift brought happiness and joy to the members of the orchestra.

## VOCATIONAL ASSEMBLY

On January 26, Miss Hardwick, of Simmons College, talked to the junior and senior girls about Social Service work as a life's vocation.

## SAFETY ASSEMBLY

On March 28, Captain White of the N. Y. N. H. & H. Railroad addressed the school on Safety. He has been sent by the railroad to several towns and cities to help, by talking to boys and girls, in the Safety Campaign.

## ECHO ASSEMBLY

The Echo held an assembly May 5, 1933, in which, through the courtesy of the Canadian National Railway Company, educational motion pictures were shown. The pictures were as follows: Piscatorial Trilogy, a fishing expedition; Power, showing construction of locomotives; and When Winter Comes, a winter sport scene.

## THE PRETTY LITTLE FLOWER

There was a pretty flower  
That grew above the ground,  
At every striking hour  
'Twould make a ringing round.

This flower was a bluebell;  
Its tinkling was a greeting  
Which was supposed to tell  
All flowers to come to meeting.  
Helen Ward, '36

G. Kelly: "Did you notice how my voice filled the assembly hall yesterday?"

Daly—"Sure, I saw a lot of people go out and make room for it."

Rehearsing on stage: "Give me some bread, give me some bread . . . (The curtain comes down with a roll.)

H. Kelly (to motorman): Can't you go any faster than this?  
Motorman: Sure I can, but I have to stay with the car.

# CLUBS

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

A valuable, though recent addition to Sumner is the Athletic Association. The dues are ten cents a week to be paid for twenty-five weeks, during which time the members are admitted free to various functions. So far they have enjoyed 10 evening and 5 afternoon basketball games, a magician show, a puppet show, Junior Prom, Senior Play, Senior Dance, a movie, class dues for 7 months and, last but not least, the final edition of the Echo. The unanimous feeling of the members is that they have received their money's worth in good times. Are you going to help support it next year?

## SCIENCE CLUB

The science club was organized in December by Mr. Hodge. The meetings have been held every Friday, and many interesting things have been learned about microphone, radio, glass blowing, and picture machines.

The officers of the club are: G. Spieler, president; C. Wallace, secretary; and S. Seaberg, treasurer. The members are J. Behan, J. Magee, A. Walkins, D. Wallace, and J. Mack.

## THE BAND

Because of the desires of so many students playing wind instruments to join the orchestra, it became necessary to provide some kind of group for them. Thus the band was formed. Among this group are several members of the school orchestra.

The band consists of twelve pieces: six trumpets, two trombones, one flute, one saxophone, and two clarinets.

May 19, at an instrumental and choral recital this band gave the first demonstration of their work since they were organized three months before.

Miss Murphy, the music supervisor is the instructor.

Charles Eaton, '33.

## THE FIFE AND DRUM CORPS

During the month of November, 1932, it became possible to start a Fife Class, Charles Eaton, as instructor, obtaining a training in this line from the Sharon Grammar School. A large group of students entered this class, but the present membership is eight.

A drum class was started by Mr. Hanson.

## THE COMMERCIAL CLUB

The Commercial Club consists of voluntary junior and senior commercial students. The officers this year are president, LeRoy McKay; treasurer, Thomas Hall. The purpose of the club is for enjoyment such as hiking.

In October the club went to the Blue Hills for the afternoon. We were given transportation by the students of the club who were able to furnish cars plus Miss Megley and Miss Collins who had their cars. Upon arriving, we climbed a steep hill and then ate our choice lunches which each brought with him. The rest of the afternoon was spent hiking to various interesting points.

In May the club spent the afternoon at Humarock Beach. Transportation was the same as before. After eating our lunches, we spent the time along the beach. The afternoon proved very enjoyable to everyone.

The present juniors and seniors belonging to the Commercial Club advise the juniors and seniors to be to join the club if they are fond of recreation.

Rita Moran, '34.

Shiek: "Why does that cannibal keep looking at us?"

C. Mullin: "Maybe he's the food inspector."

Mr. Walsh was examining Hagg's eyes and asked him to read the top line of a test which ran: X H V Q I G T F K Z. Silence reigned for a few minutes and finally Mr. Walsh asked, "Can't you even read letters of that size?"

Hagg: "I can see the letters all right, but I can't pronounce those foreign words."

Beansy: "I've made a great discovery."

Mr. Hodge: "What is it?"

Beansy: "I've found out that the heavy end of a match is the light end."

Miss Knutson: "Why is it you have only ten lines on 'Milk' while the rest of the class has pages?"

Wiggins: "Oh, I wrote on condensed milk."

Hooker: "Have you half rates for children?"

Conductor: "Yes, under fourteen."

Hooker: "That's all right. I only have five with me."

Miss Maguire: "Smith how many kinds of flowers are there?"

Smith: "Three. Tame, wild, and Collie."



#### ORCHESTRA

First row: E. Seaverns, N. Caswell, F. Sorocco, I. George, R. Kierstead, C. Williams, W. Sands. Second row: R. Lang, H. Baker, J. Drummond, P. Gilley, C. Casperon, W. Hamilton. Third row: J. Mossesso, C. Eaton, T. Jordling, A. Seaburg, F. Baker. Back row: Miss Murphy, Supervisor, L. Randall, E. Lucas.

#### THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra has been working very hard since January. It has played at all the assemblies which have been held once every two weeks.

On May 13 a Music Festival was held at Arlington. The orchestra attended, took

part in the parade, and had a most enjoyable time. It did not enter the contest because there were not enough violins.

On May 19 the orchestra is playing for a musical entertainment, sponsored by Miss Murphy, who is the orchestra instructor.

#### EXCHANGE

This is station E C H O broadcasting the latest report from the school papers of the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications. The mailman brought to us this morning a huge stock of papers, and it seems as though every school is represented.

What is this we have here? The Blue Owl from Attleboro. Well, it looks like a good beginning. The reproduction of the 1879 publication of "High School Reporter" is a rather unusual but excellent idea. Then, too, the alumni department certainly shows a great deal of work on the part of its editors.

Look, here is one with a very effective cover. Looking it over, we see that it bears the name of the "Abhis" from Abington. This is also a very interesting book, although I think that a separate heading for your literary department might improve it.

Have you ever seen a good picture of an Indian? If not, just look at the cover of the Sachem from Middleboro. Your editorial department is surely worthy of praise. It must have been an unusual occasion when "orphans accompanied by their parents" were admitted "free of charge on a twelve cent ticket," and the trip "through the Sahara Desert on a yacht" must also have been enjoyable. Perhaps Sumner will join you next time.

Here is another publication, although this

is somewhat different. It is in the form of a newspaper and published every two weeks. As I look at it, I see it is "The Bulletin." Watertown High certainly does not suffer for want of news with such an excellent publication to read every two weeks.

As I look through Canton's publication, "The Echo," I see a very large and interesting Literary Department. I think there must be a few witty pupils at Canton High, so why not have a few more jokes?

There certainly must be a great many clever poets in North Easton by the looks of this department of the Eastoner. I would suggest a larger literary department, although this book as a whole is very interesting.

Ah, here is another Indian name, "The Wampatuck" from Braintree. It surely has excellent designs for its departmental headings. The exchange department, too, deserves much credit, but this magazine is always complete.

Hanover is also represented here with its publication, "The Hanoverian." This book as a whole is very good, and the literary department especially deserves credit.

Stoughton's publication, "The Semaphore," seems amply provided with school news. The illustrated poem on the back of the cover is very cleverly portrayed.

Here is the "Reflector" from Weymouth.

It has a somewhat distinguished name. I would suggest having the school news under a separate heading and in a different column.

I find the same trouble with the "Parrot" from Rockland. The school news, if it were in a separate column and under one heading, might improve your book.

Here is a new school heard from, and that is Uxbridge. This paper is very good, although I would suggest a few more jokes.

The Argonaut from Norwood is a very good book also. The literary department is surely worthy of praise. I think the book as a whole is very complete.

I see another publication of the "Semaphore" from Stoughton. Your sport column is written up very well.

We not only have another copy of the Semaphore, but also of the Echo from Canton. Your paper is very interesting, and the literary department is especially deserving of credit. I wonder if there aren't a few poets in Canton High School. Here is something interesting in this publication.

**Loci Fatini**

What did he do with the water?  
Vetus.  
What did the wrestler say?  
Lego.  
Why didn't they win the battle?  
No men.  
What are they accusing him of?  
Malus.  
Why do people go to bed?  
Viri.  
What kind of a town is Canton?  
(Or how about Holbrook?)  
Hic.  
What made him so stout?  
He et and et.

Here is another copy of the Blue Owl from Attleboro, and it is just as complete as ever. We certainly obtain a good introduction to the characters of the Senior play in "The Glimpses of the Senior Play." The alumni department certainly shows a great deal of work on the part of its editors.

Exchange Editor,  
Geraldine Behan, '35.

Helen Kelly: What kind of car have you?  
F. Chase: A runabout.  
Helen: A runabout?  
Chase: Yes, it'll run about a block and then stop.

Jack and Jill rolled down the hill.  
A curve they met was sharp.  
The car upset, Jack's rolling yet,  
And Jill is playing a harp.

Farmer: Hi there! What 'cha doin' up in my cherry tree?  
George Daly: I am just obeying orders, sir; that sign says, "Keep off the grass."

**THE SENIOR CLASS**

The Senior class of Sumner High  
Are not o'er looked as they pass by.  
There are Junie and Helen who love to sing.  
Their voices some day in opera will ring.  
The mischievous one is Chase, you know  
Whose gum chewing is quite a show.  
And Kenneth Stanley is far from rough,  
But he needs two girls to strut his stuff.  
Peggy's well versed in the cooking line.  
As a wife for Alfred she ought to shine.  
Another member is our friend Bob  
Who always seems to be on the job.  
And too, there's Wade so tall and neat  
Who listens to owls on Sycamore Street.  
Two mammoth feet has one named Bill.  
These, nevertheless, don't hamper his skill.  
Now, my dear friends, I hope you'll agree  
That this grand class should successful be.

One who hopes to be a Senior.

Mehl: (To Mr. Walsh) "Coach, what am I going to play this afternoon?"

Mr. Walsh: "End and guard. You're going to set on the end of the bench and guard the water bucket."

Miss Collins: "How did you cut your foot?"

L. McKay: "I was swimming beside Wade Hooker, and he was doing the scissors stroke."

Bob Martin (Rushing enthusiastically into the office of the first building he came to): "What sort of chance is there here for a young fellow beginning at the bottom to work his way up?"

"Not much chance," answered the kind manager. "We're contractors for digging wells."

Landlady: "Well, how do you feel now?"

Brindley: "Terrible! I feel as if I were going to die."

Landlady: "Well, you can't die here; this is the living room."

Miss Maguire: "Give me a sentence using the word 'tenderloin.'"

L. Mehl: "I can't play bridge, and I don't intend to loin."

Mr. Walsh: There will be only a half day of school this morning.

H. Johnson: Whoopie! Hurray!

Mr. Walsh: Silence. We'll have the other half this afternoon.

Gypsy: I tella your fortune, Mister.

J. Smith: How much?

Gypsy: Twenty-five cents.

J. Smith: Correct. How did you guess it?

Miss Richardson (after erasing the decimal point from a number): Now where is the decimal point?

George Daly: On the eraser, teacher.

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# LEAGUE MEETINGS

## JANUARY LEAGUE MEETING

The second meeting of the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications was held on January 17, 1933, at the Braintree High School in Braintree.

The "Echo" delegates arrived about four o'clock, and registration took place in the front corridor until four-fifteen. From there all the delegates went to the auditorium and enjoyed a very cordial welcome by Principal James L. Jordan. Directions were given for the departmental meetings which were attended as follows:

Editors-in-Chief—Kenneth Stanley  
Business Managers—Grace Kelly, Robert Martin

Art Editors—Ruth Hill

Exchange Editors—Barbara Brooks, Esther Seavers

Athletic Editors—Marion Davison, Paul Wiggins

Joke Editors—Rita Moran, who presided

Executive—Helen Kelly, Miss Megley.

At the end of these meetings, all the delegates went back to the auditorium where an interesting talk entitled "Some High Lights in Press Work" was heard. It was given by Mr. Paul K. Blanchard of the Warren Press, Boston, Massachusetts. It lasted from five-thirty to six-fifteen.

At six-fifteen came the most important event—the supper. It was served in the High School cafeteria and consisted of ham, mashed potatoes, string beans, cole slaw, and ice cream. In the midst of the ham and potatoes was some hearty and lusty cheering. Incidentally, this supper was planned last spring. Looks as if they took no chances in forgetting it.

Seven-thirty found us all in the auditorium again with satisfied palates and listening to a greeting by Superintendent of the Braintree Schools, Mr. E. Fisher, and also to a most interesting address by the Boston Globe Radio Announcer, Mr. Howell Cullinan. He gave us many interesting insights in newspaper work. Dancing was enjoyed until ten.

Everyone enjoyed himself and arrived home safely.

Helen Kelly, League Representative.

## LEAGUE MEETING

The third meeting of the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications was held at Attleboro High School on March 15, 1933.

The delegates arrived safely, and registration took place immediately in the main corridor at 3:45. They were then most cordially welcomed at the general assembly in the auditorium by Principal Alfred R.

Mack. Mr. Mack, incidentally, was chairman of this league two years ago. Departmental meetings started at 4:15 and ended at 5:30. The following attended:

Advisory Board—Miss Megley and Helen Kelly

Editors-in-Chief—Kenneth Stanley and Ruth Hill

Business Managers—Robert Martin and Grace Kelly

School Notes Editors—Paul Wiggins and Marion Davison.

Art and Joke Editors—Barbara Brooks and Rita Moran

The general business meeting was held at 5:30, presided over by Vice-President Blake because of the absence of President Marcom.

All were getting impatient for their supper, and finally were called at 6:15 to the gymnasium where a delicious repast was served by R. P. Slater, caterer. The supper consisted of shrimp patties, ham, mashed potatoes, peas, cole slaw, hot biscuits, and ice cream and cookies. And, oh boy, did Paul Wiggins get razzed for eating so much.

When everybody was sufficiently full, all marched back again to the assembly hall to be entertained by the High School Orchestra under the direction of John L. Gibb, and was he funny? Well, just to see his actions up in front of the orchestra was enough to set everybody laughing. What a director!! Mr. Toscanini had better look out for his position.

An address by Mr. Charles C. Cain, Jr., of Attleboro on "The Romance of Newspaper Work" was delivered. Surely some interesting points were gathered on newspaper reporting.

The last hour of entertainment consisted of selections by the orchestra. No dancing was allowed, and were some mad! Well, anyway, all arrived home early.

Respectfully submitted,

Helen Kelly, '33,  
League Representative.

## MAY LEAGUE MEETING

The last meeting of the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications was held in Weymouth on Wednesday, May 17.

When the Echo group arrived they registered in the front corridor and got the supper tickets and tags. A general assembly was held in the school hall; this opened with a pledge to the flag and the singing of "America." A welcome was given by Principal F. W. Hilton. The League President, Alfred Morcom, explained the necessary details of the departmental meetings. The following attended the meetings:

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Art Editors—Rita Moran, Ruth Bettencourt  
Business Managers—Robert Martin, Grace  
Kelly

Athletics—Robert Stanley, Paul Wiggins  
Literary—Ruth Hill, Robert Colburn, Mar-  
garet Huskins

At 5.15 there was a talk on magazine writing by Mr. Paul Newsome, editor of the Weymouth Gazette. A delicious supper was served. Throughout the meal was much singing and harmonizing, led by James W. Calderwood, leader of the Orchestra.

At the business meeting at 7.00 o'clock the new officers for the coming year were announced. They were Leroy Beaton, Stoughton, president; Charles O'Brist, Attleboro, vice-president; Peter Baroni, Bridgewater, treasurer; Edith Thayer, West Bridgewater, recording secretary.

Then came some entertainment; orchestra selections were led by Mr. Calderwood. Before the rest of the entertainment took

place, a very interesting, "short and funny" talk was given by Mr. Angus D. MacDonnell of the Quincy Evening News. He told of the importance of being truthful, simple, and straightforward in all writing. It surely was good. Now for the rest of the entertainment. William Donovan gave piano selections; Jessie Saunders did likewise. Edith Boutillier and Anna Bourque gave readings. Franklin Burrell sang some very beautiful semi-classical songs in fine tenor fashion. The most enjoyable and funniest act was the one given by the trio: Edward Butler, John Stetson, and Ed Thomas. Were they funny! You should have heard them imitate the Mills Brothers and the Boswell Sisters. Maude Hunt tap danced. Dancing was enjoyed then in the girls' gymnasium until 9.30, when all went home after a most satisfying day and evening.

Respectfully submitted,

Helen Kelly,  
League Representative.



### ECHO STAFF

First row: E. Seaverns, M. Feeney, H. Kelly, R. Hill, K. Stanley, R. Martin, G. Kelly, L. Thorud, M. Huskins, P. Wiggins. Second row: B. Brooks, M. Davison, R. Colburn, R. Bettencourt, E. Killen, E. Hall, W. Hutchinson, G. Behan, E. Waters, F. Welsford. Back row: Miss Megley, Faculty Adviser, R. Moran, R. Stanley, K. Walsh.

Thanks to all who contributed to make this June issue of the Echo a success—the contributors, the subscribers, and the advertisers. When you have the opportunity,

don't fail to let your advertiser know that you are patronizing him because he advertised in your school publication.

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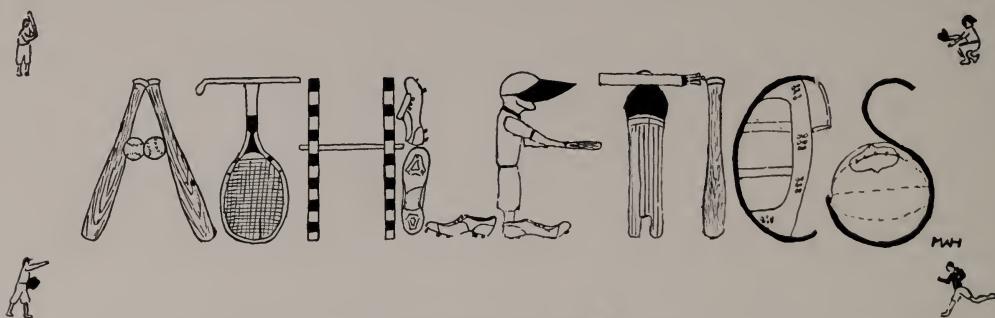
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## BASKETBALL GAMES



## BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First row: J. P. Walsh, Coach, L. McKay, R. Martin, K. Stanley, W. Hooker, G. Dyer, Manager. Second row: W. Taylor, J. Smith, T. Hall. Back row: F. Stonkus, R. Colburn, L. Mehl, T. Zarelli.

**Sumner-St. Paul at Sumner**

St. Paul's won the second game we played with them, on December 16, 24-16. It was quite a hard-fought game.

**Sumner-Bridgewater at Sumner**

Bridgewater swamped us badly in the game we played December 21. Spirida, jumping center, seemed to be doing most of the scoring for Bridgewater. The final score was Bridgewater 50, Sumner 21.

**Sumner Seconds- Bridgewater Seconds at Sumner**

Bridgewater's Second Team beat us out on December 21, to the score of 16-11.

**Sumner-Alumni at Sumner**

We won this game, January 6, with the Alumni, with the magnificent score of 23-10. Noel King, at left guard, was an outstanding figure on the Alumni Team.

**Sumner Seconds-Canton Seconds at Canton**

We won this game January 10, with a score almost unparalleled in the annals of Sumner's Basketball Teams—29-0.

**Sumner-Canton at Canton**

We had quite a satisfactory score when we played Canton January 10—Sumner 25, Canton 10.

**Sumner Seconds-Canton Seconds at Home**

We played the return game against Canton on January 13 and again beat them easily, this time 25-8.

**Sumner-Canton at Home**

We played Canton again on Friday 13. The day must have been unlucky for Canton. We won, 20-7.

**Sumner Seconds-Boston School Seconds at Home**

Our second team won the game with the Boston School for the Deaf 14-10.

**Sumner-Boston School at Home**

We won the game with the Boston School, 29-20. There was plenty of hard playing in this game.

**Sumner-West Bridgewater**

Sumner's Basketeers were nosed out when they played West Bridgewater, 16-9.

**Sumner-Sharon at Sharon**

January 27 we played Sharon. In spite of a hard fight, the Sharon hoopsters won, 32-13.

February 1 we played Bridgewater. The game would have made a remarkably good football game; it was almost too rough to be a basketball game. Mr. Walsh put the biggest men on the floor so that they could take care of themselves in a fight. We lost, but it was a great battle while it lasted. The final score was 37-7.

**Sumner Seconds-Bridgewater Seconds at Bridgewater**

We did vindicate dear old Sumner's honor

in the second team's game. MacKay was serving on the second team that night. That was a fairly good fight too. We edged Bridgewater off, 11-9.

**Sumner-Stetson at Home**

January 31 we played our old rivals, Stetson High. One of the best games of the season was played, fast, reasonably clean, and close. We led up to the half, but then Stetson came out and tied us at the end of the third period. They kept coming and in the last few minutes raised the score to Stetson 29-Sumner 22.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First row: P. Shea, R. Hill, F. Mitchell, K. Porter, K. Walsh. Second row: M. Stonkus, H. Kelly, R. Smith, L. Soderblom. Back row: Miss Richardson, Coach, A. Clooney, G. Behan, G. Kelly, Manager.

**Sumner vs. Alumnae at Holbrook**

December 7

The first game of the season was played at Holbrook, and it resulted in a complete victory for Sumner. It was a fast game from start to finish, and we had a very good attendance. Soderblom as guard and Stonkus as forward are two promising beginners. Everyone was thoroughly excited when Walsh, one of our best forwards, was forced to come out, but the others carried on, and the final score was 29-23 in favor of Sumner.

**Sumner vs. Sharon at Holbrook**

December 9

What a game! Another victory for Sumner's team. Maybe it was the new sweatshirts. The girls certainly showed the Sharon team some fast work in this game. During the half, it certainly looked bad for Sumner, but after Richy gave the girls "a little talking to," they showed us what they could do. Basket after basket was sunk by our team until we took the game with the score 23-22.

**Sumner vs. Bridgewater at Bridgewater**

January 16

What a game! Besides providing the

audience with plenty of excitement, this game gave us much amusement. Ask the girls if Bridgewater isn't a "doggy" place. Getting back to the game, owing to the different playing conditions, the girls were put to a disadvantage, but they put up a good fight. Up to the third quarter we had a good lead on the other team, but in the last quarter they just crept right up and ahead of us. The game ended with a score of 21-13 in favor of Bridgewater.

**Sumner vs. Sharon at Sharon**

January 27

Were we trimmed! Maybe it was the cold weather that slowed the girls up, but Sharon displayed some fast work and some quick thinking, and we just couldn't catch on. In the first quarter Sumner showed some good guarding. In the second quarter Sharon got a good lead on us, and in the last half they sank basket after basket, but our girls never gave up. The final score was 28-12 in Sharon's favor.

The team was glad to hear that Sharon's captain was recovering from the serious injury that she received to her knee while playing at Sumner.

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**Sumner vs. West Bridgewater at Sumner**  
January 24

Sumner scores another victory! Anyone who attended this game can tell you that it was certainly about the fastest game yet played. Both sides displayed some excellent passwork. Because many of the first team, including the captain, were sick with colds, the second team was substituted, and they surely did a good job. All through the game Sumner kept the lead, but once, in the second quarter, only by one basket. The final score was 30-26 in Sumner's favor.

**Sumner vs. Foxboro at Holbrook**  
January 6

Our first defeat of the season! In spite of the quick passwork and the action of the other team, Sumner kept up bravely to the last. There was a great deal of excitement before either team got the first basket, and everyone looked forward to a close game. In the first quarter Foxboro gained a big lead, but by the half Sumner made the score 24-20, only two baskets behind. In the third quarter it became quite discouraging, but our forwards made some excellent baskets. In the last quarter, Miss Mitchell was hurt quite badly, but she kept on playing getting a loud applause from the audience. The final score was 42-32.

**Sumner vs. St. Paul at Sumner**

On Thursday night, December 15, the Sumner girls played St. Paul's team on the home floor. This game ended in another victory for Sumner. Everyone was thoroughly excited and ready for a good game when, after a great deal of passing, St. Paul sank the first basket. After this the game proved to be the slowest we've had yet. When the score was well advanced in our favor, our coach took out our best forward and gave the second team a chance. Even with them in, we continued to get the baskets, and the final score was 36-6 in Sumner's favor.

**Sumner vs. Randolph at Holbrook**  
January 31

Talk about your exciting games! This was one. During the first half Randolph displayed some quick passing and some fast plays, but ours were better, and at the end of the first half, when we were going fast, our girls had the leading score. It seemed, when they came back to play the last two quarters that they had slowed down a great deal. It was then that Randolph caught up to us and gained a big lead. In the third quarter rest, both captains gave their teams a few points, but Sumner came back into the game to win! Just as the whistle blew to call the end of the game, Sumner sank the final basket, ending the game with a tie score 20-20.

**Sumner vs. Y. W. at the Y. W. C. A.**  
January 10

Our girls displayed some fast work and quick thinking at this game, but we weren't quite quick enough to beat the opposing team. Another thing that discouraged the girls was that the "Y" team had a few of our former stars on it, including Carol Coulter and Annie Johnston. However, every one considered it an exciting game. The final score was 26-6 in favor of the "Y".

**THE WRECK OF THE GOLDEN CITY**

We folks are all gay  
On this bright, happy day,  
For today is the day we will sail.  
The wide gang-plank is down,  
And the crowds from our town  
Say, "Good-bye," with a weep and a frown.

The whistle is blown,  
The passengers shown  
To the berths which are going to be theirs.  
The boat is now leaving,  
And sighs all are heaving,  
While the passengers care for their wares.

Some time has gone by,  
I say with a sigh,  
Since the time we had left our own shore.  
We are in a dead sea,  
Just as still as can be,  
We may not see our homes any more.

A storm is now brewing,  
The sailors all doing  
Their various duties, of course.  
The ocean is angry,  
The crew is all hungry,  
E'en so it is doing its chores.

It is now darkest night,  
Oh! what a glad sight.  
A patch of land comes into view!  
But as we draw close,  
We receive our first dose  
Of the perilous ocean, anew!

The land is quite rough,  
But the sailors all tough.  
A lighthouse now shines in our eyes!  
We land on sharp rocks!  
The terrible shocks  
Throw the crew overboard, and it dies!

And such is the trip  
Of our beautiful ship,  
Which ended up in a big wreck!  
Of the unlucky crew  
I'm alone, left to do  
What the rest are unable to do!

Ruth Kierstead, '36.

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BOYS' BASEBALL TEAM

First row: R. Martin, L. McKay, K. Stanley, J. Smith, G. Dyer. Second row: T. Hall, R. Colburn, T. Zarelli, D. Wallace, F. Lelakes. W. Hooker, Captain, W. Olsen. Back row: L. Mehl, H. Helms, G. Porter, Manager.

### Schedule

The following is the tentative schedule for baseball games:

April 26 Sumner vs. Bridgewater  
At home  
May 9 Sumner vs. Avon  
At Avon  
May 10 Sumner vs. Cohasset  
At Cohasset  
May 17 Sumner vs. Braintree  
At Braintree  
May 23 Sumner vs. Bridgewater  
At Bridgewater  
May 31 Sumner vs. Sharon  
At home  
June 2 Sumner vs. Avon  
At home  
June 9 Sumner vs. Randolph  
At home  
June 15 Sumner vs. Randolph  
At Randolph  
W. E. Hutchinson, '33,  
Athletic Editor.

### BASEBALL GAMES

Bridgewater nosed us out here April 26, in the first game of the season, by one run. The score was Bridgewater 6 hits, 4 runs, no errors; Sumner 6 hits, 3 runs, no errors.

Avon followed Bridgewater's lead May 9 over at Highland Park, ending the game in the rain with an edge of one run. The score stood: Avon, 8 hits, 6 runs, 1 error; Sumner, 7 hits, 5 runs, 2 errors.

Cohasset was the third team to push us out in the cold by just one run. We played them at Cohasset May 10. The final score was Cohasset, 10 hits, 14 runs, 2 errors; Sumner, 12 hits, 13 runs, 5 errors.

May 17 we managed to break that one-run lead, but only by dropping the game. And did we take it on the chin! Braintree, 4 hits, 7 runs, 2 errors; Sumner, 7 hits, 4 runs, 4 errors.

L. Mehl: I passed by your house yesterday.  
L. Thorud: Thanks.

Miss Murphy: What is the idea of sitting out there for five minutes without playing a single note.

E. Lucas: That was a request number.

Casperson: See that drum? My great grandfather used it in the Revolutionary war.

W. Hamilton: Yes, and I suppose he beat it when he saw the enemy.

Mehl: "Have any big men been born in this town?"

Stanley: "No, only babies."

Ruth Smith: "Just think, Wade tried to put his arm around me four times."  
Phoebe: "What an arm."

Whitcomb: "How long can a man remain unconscious and still live?"  
Chase: "How old are you?"

Phoebe: Do you use toothpaste?  
John Smith: "No, my teeth aren't loose."

Mr. Hodge: "When water becomes ice, what is the greatest change that takes place?"

Hooker: "The price, sir."

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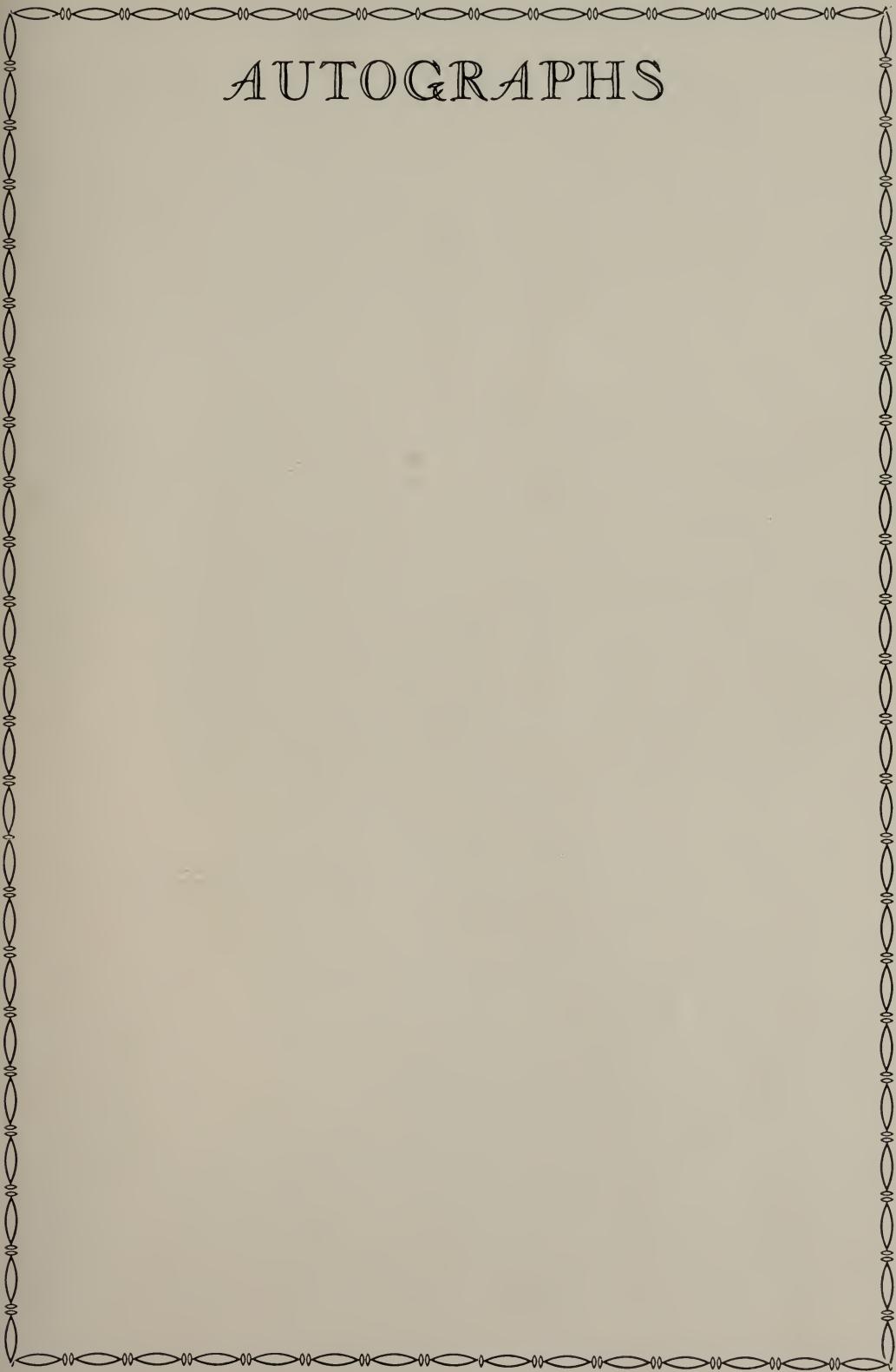
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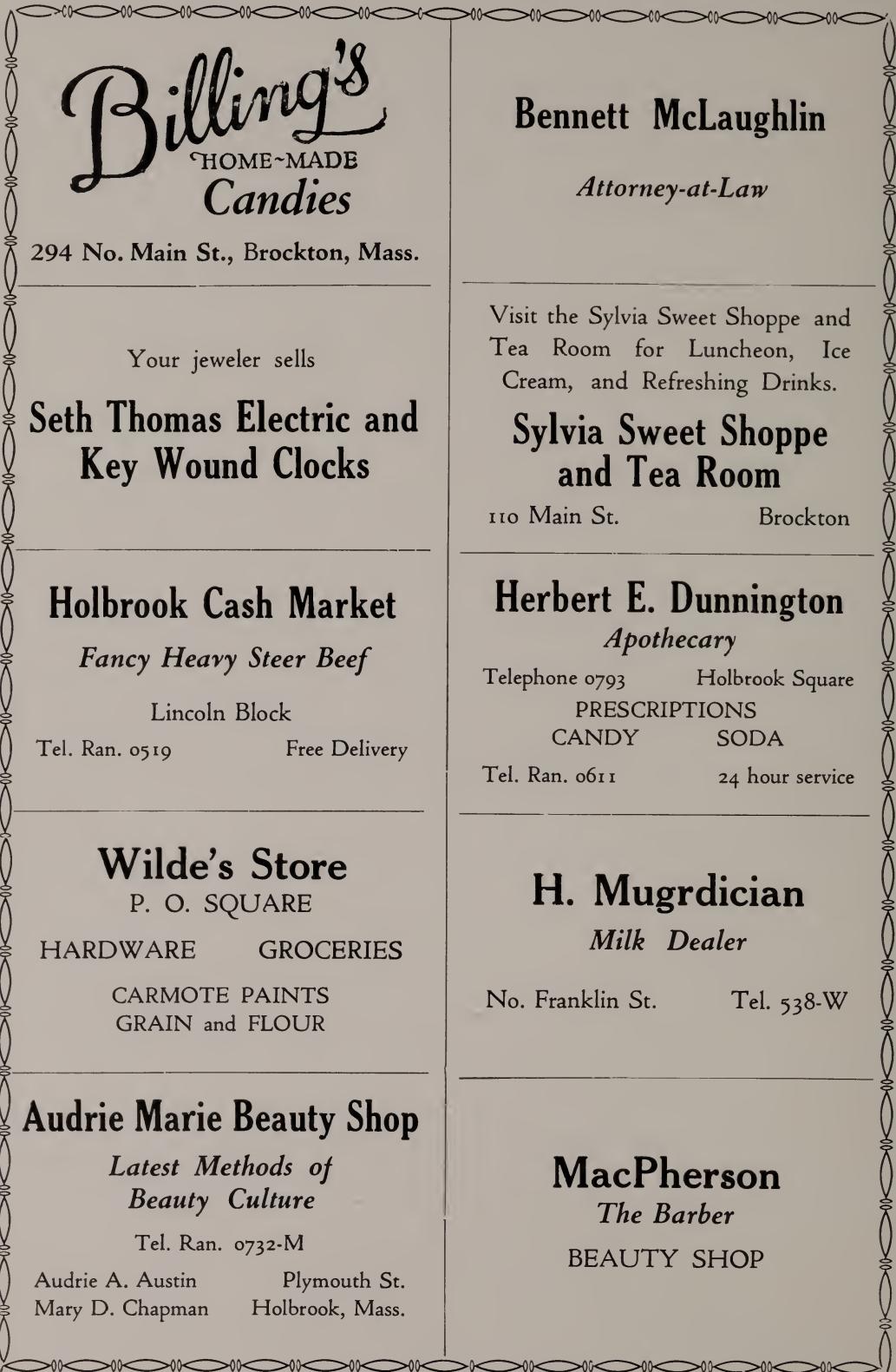
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